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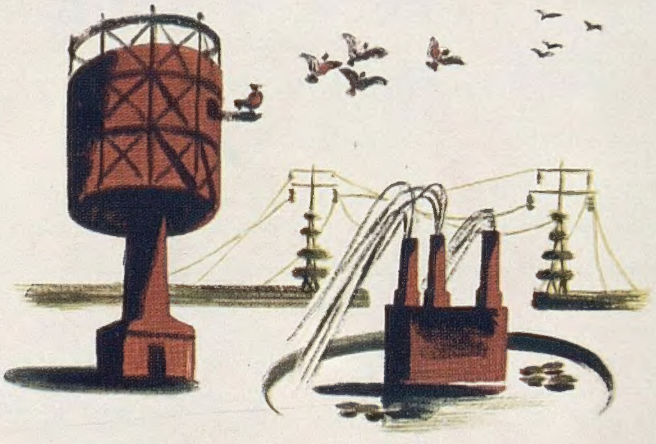
Once more, by a precise interpretation of the present, we anticipate the future. Nuclear heating has introduced a new fashion. In our cities, run without coal, gas or electricity, the atomic age has reduced power plants to the size of cigarette lighters. Our streets are deserts of cleanliness and glare. But Schweppshire provides its own antidote with the Return to Smoke. Factory styles are in fashion. Keynoting is the dovecote shaped like a gasometer, the yew hedge clipped to a pylon shape. Lord Schwepstow's magnificent summer-house is constructed in "Waterloo Station Grid". In the public park the rock plants are prettily disposed on the mock slag heap. Between borders of "Goodszyard" docks and "Bomsite" thistles, our damsels of fashion display their new grease-patterned overalls, with the new "Coledust" make-up to match. In this glimpse of a Fogschwepster Park, observe the pleasant perschweptive of smokestacks, with real smoke* from actual fires to veil the remorseless Fogschwepster sunlight from our eyes.

* *The practice of representing smoke with plumes of gauze strikes a false note, as is rightly pointed out, in his essay,* Pseudo Gasworks, *by John Schwetjeman.*



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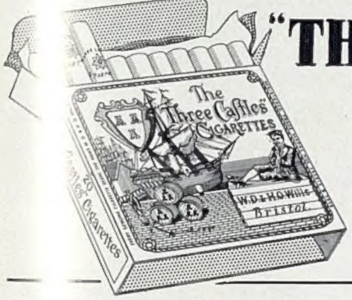

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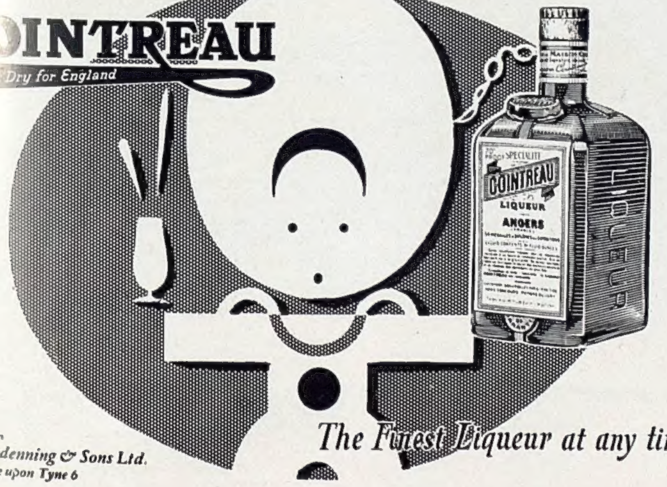

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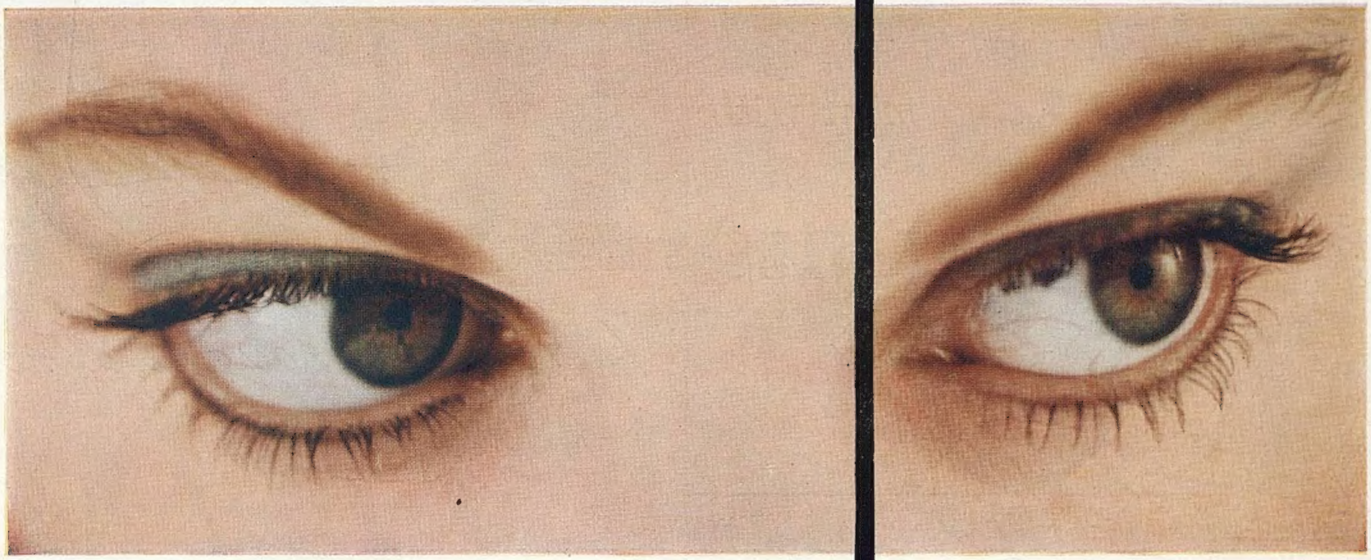

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1953

A Birthday Portrait

This charming study of H.R.H. Princess Anne was taken specially for the occasion of her third birthday, August 15th, 1953, by Marcus Adams. The Princess is wearing the dress she wore on Coronation Day. It is of cream needle-run lace over chiffon and taffeta.

The happy scene at the Playhouse in Inverness, on August 6th, when Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother received the Freedom of the Burgh. Her Majesty is receiving the signet ring from Provost J. M. Grigor, while the officials and dignitaries of Inverness look on. Among those seated on the decorated stage are Lord and Lady Lovat, Mrs. Grigor, Lieut.-General Barber, Major-General D. Wimberley and members of the Town Council.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

PHOTOGRAPHS of "Rab" Butler shooting over Lord Swinton's moors at Swinton Masham recalled to me pleasant occasions staying there with that excellent host. Lord Swinton has given half the house itself to serve as the Conservative College of the North (I believe they recently had their 10,000th student), but the door which separates the College from the house is more often open than not to those attending courses. In addition to having one of the best grouse moors in Yorkshire, Lord Swinton has an excellent pheasant shoot. Indeed, except in Devon, I cannot recall taller birds than those at one particular stand, driven off a hill and over the tops of some of the ancient beeches in the park.

On one occasion, Tommy Dugdale, the Minister of Agriculture—who, I see, was of the party—and I were separated by a Scottish peer of great distinction, but whose natural vagueness—he is of a poetical turn of mind—was increased by the fact that he had very recently got engaged to a very charming lady. The first drive was out of some roots over a belt of trees, the guns standing well back in a grass field. There was a vast number of pheasants, and the air was filled with the whickering of their wings. The Scottish peer allowed them all to pass over his head. "Mark!" we would cry, whereupon, pulling himself together with a start, he would discharge both barrels at a vanishing bird well out of range behind him. I regret that after one or two drives like this, Tommy Dugdale and I agreed to break all the rules of shooting good manners, and to take the S.P.'s birds. He remained completely oblivious to our calculated lapses.

HOW short the summer holidays seemed when one was at school; how difficult, when one is adult, does it seem to entertain large quantities of assorted young for the best part of two months! Why, too, is it an immutable law of nature that other people's children seem to behave so admirably while staying with you, whereas one's own little fiends are apparently angelic in other people's houses? Did one really, too, as a child, say the things which one's parents attributed to one? I have never believed that at the age of seven-and-a-half, when told that my knees were dirty, I first of all advanced the view that they were "blue with cold," and when finally driven into a corner, remarked that "I will endeavour to rectify it."

I was discussing this phenomenon with an old friend the other day, who contributed some stories of his own tender, if mis-spent, youth. He is the son of a distinguished Anglo-Indian Proconsul, and as such was taken at the age of five to a children's party at Viceregal Lodge, Simla. At that age he had evidently not as yet acquired the polished manners which now make him so pleasant a guest, because he was brought home in disgrace soon after the party began. Solemnly his ayah led him into the drawing-room. "I had to bring Master Tom back, Memsahib," she announced. "He bit his little host!"

This was at a time when no equipages other than rickshaws were allowed in Simla, except for the magnificent carriages belonging to the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. It was one of these carriages—the Commander-in-Chief's—which was to prove Master Tom's undoing on another occasion. As he was on his way to school in his parents' rickshaw, eating, as uninhibited children do, the lunch provided for him to consume during the break, he was at a loss how to dispose of a banana-skin with which he found himself encumbered. At that moment the Field Marshal's carriage, with every appurtenance of gold and scarlet, lumbered its stately way towards him. Why it should have occurred to him that this splendid vehicle should serve as a receptacle for used banana-skins, I cannot really explain, but as it passed him, he deftly threw it into the lap of the startled Commander-in-Chief. That potentate was much discomposed, and unfortunately he had recognised the liveries of Master Tom's father's rickshaw-wallahs. Retribution was swift.

Children can be exceedingly disconcerting. I remember a small cousin of mine, aged about six, who was walking along to her bath, carrying, with some difficulty, her full equipment of sponges, soap and towels. As she went, she met a lady who was a member of her mother's house-party, going up to her room to change for dinner. With that inanity which characterises so many adults' dealings with children, the well-intentioned guest smiled benignly and said: "Going to have your bath, darling?" Like a flash, the little demon retorted: "No; I'm going into the garden to pick flowers!"

NOW that meat is in better supply, I recall a story which was perhaps a little near the knuckle during less plentiful days. A farmer went to call on a colleague, and saw a lot of calves running about freely in a yard. "Don't they ever run into a wall and damage themselves, so that they have to be killed?" he asked. To which his friend replied: "Curious you should ask that. That is exactly what one of them is going to do next Wednesday week."

I AM glad to learn from Lynton Fletcher that the Authors' Club—that pleasant but impoverished institution which has been in financial low water for so long—has, for the first time for years, made a profit and not a loss. It would have been a pity if the Authors' had had to close, if only for the excellent oratory at its dinners. One memorable evening was the occasion when Lord Birkett was the guest of honour. He told, *inter alia*, the story of the young solicitor who was very hard up in the days before solicitors' fees were regularised. He sent an account to a wealthy client which ran as follows:

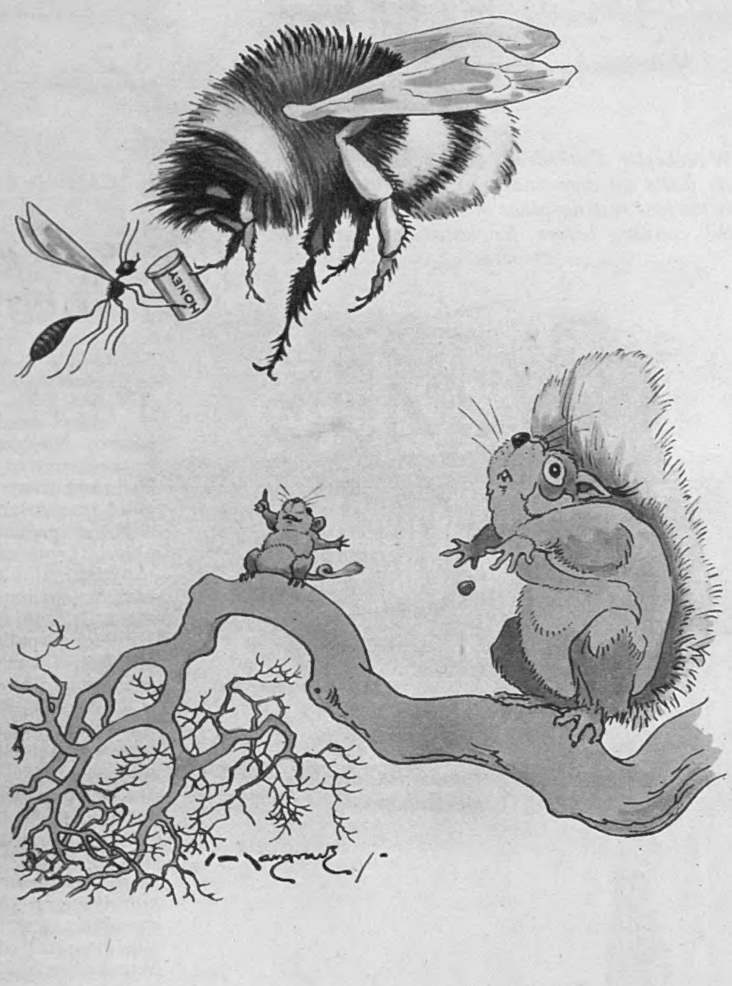
ITEM 1.	To:	Seeing you on the other side of the street and recalling that I had some business to discuss with you	6/8
ITEM 2.	,,	Crossing the street for the purpose of discussing with you the aforesaid business ..	13/4
ITEM 3.	,,	Re-crossing the street upon discovering that it was not you but somebody else	£5 5 0

I well recall my slight indignation some years ago when a close relative was my solicitor, and included in my bill was: "To attending you on the telephone—13/4." As his "attendance" on the telephone consisted of his saying that he and his wife would be delighted to come to dinner with us (with the addition, it is true, of "Oh, by-the-way, I hope to be able to let you have those forms in a few days"), I took it a little hard!

Another Birkett story, not, I think, told on that occasion, was the one about the taxi-driver who pleaded not guilty to exceeding the speed limit:

"You are not guilty?"
"No, my lord."
"You were not exceeding the speed limit?"
"No, my lord."
"You were not driving fast?"
"No, my lord."
"But your taxi mounted the pavement?"
"Yes, my lord."
"And ran into a shop-window?"
"Yes, my lord."
"And cannoned off into a letter-box?"
"Yes, my lord."
"And knocked down two pedestrians?"
"Yes, my lord."
"Will you kindly tell the court what you could have done had you been driving fast?"

BUSHY: by Hargrave

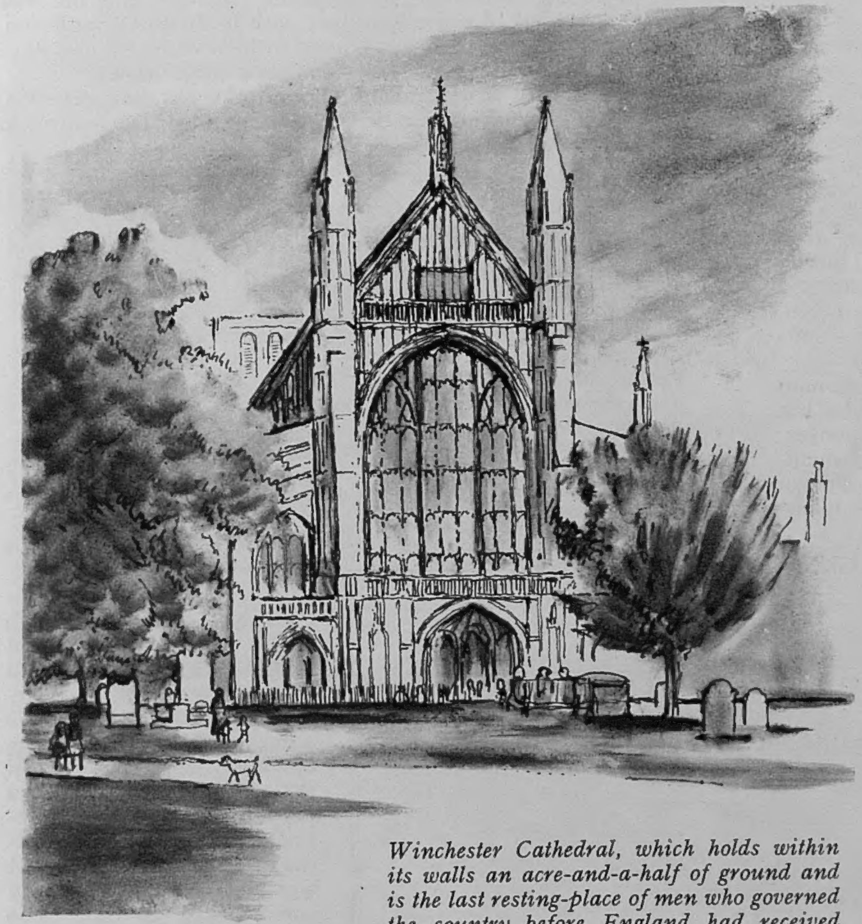


"Look, Bushy! Refuelling in mid-air!"

LYNTON FLETCHER is a well-known broadcaster, and not a little gadget-conscious. The B.B.C. had apparently asked him to do a trial Wimbledon commentary for some particular programme. He accordingly repaired there on one of the early days of the championships with a pocket recorder, the microphone of which was concealed in a wrist-watch. It was not, perhaps, an easy commentary to do. The programme indicated a match between Sikorski and Tsai, which would have been a bad enough tongue-twister, but the previous match was still in progress between Michelmore and Lister. There couldn't be much to choose between "Sikorski smashes" and "Michelmore misses." However, he got under way. This was the sort of thing:

"Lister serves from the right-hand court, Michelmore deep to the forehand. Lister back-hand on the base-line. Michelmore makes the most marvellous . . ."

Absorbed in his task, Lynton continued to talk to his wrist-watch with terrible emphasis, and only later became aware of a shadow behind him. The official to whom the shadow belonged moved away again, returning a little later, much bebadged, and with a policeman. Lynton continued to talk. Finally, the official tapped him on the shoulder and asked him what he was doing. When he said impatiently: "I am doing a commentary," the official and the policeman moved a step nearer, watching him with the mingled expressions of preparedness and compassion which people reserve for lunatics. When he went further and explained that the wrist-watch was his microphone, they looked significantly at each other, obviously wondering whether he was likely to be violent. It took some time, and virtual undressing on his part, to prove to them that the wrist-watch really was a microphone, and that he was not a successfully-escaped inmate of Colney Hatch—though just before he persuaded them of this he expected them to say to him soothingly: "Now, come along, Seixas, you're wanted on the Centre Court"!

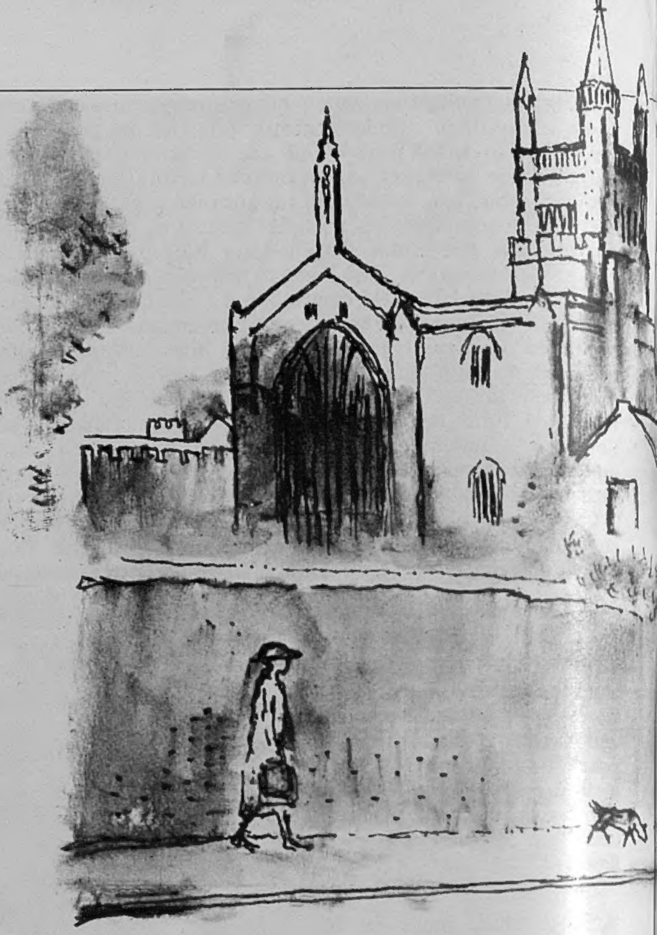


Winchester Cathedral, which holds within its walls an acre-and-a-half of ground and is the last resting-place of men who governed the country before England had received its name.

St. Swithin's Church at the top of Kingsgate.

"Tailor to the gentlemen of Winchester College": Albert Gard's shop, known to thousands of Old Wykehamists.

The Guildhall and King Alfred's statue in the High Street.



CANDID COMMENTARIES: By CREDENDUS

Winchester Revisited

Sketches by Susan Benson

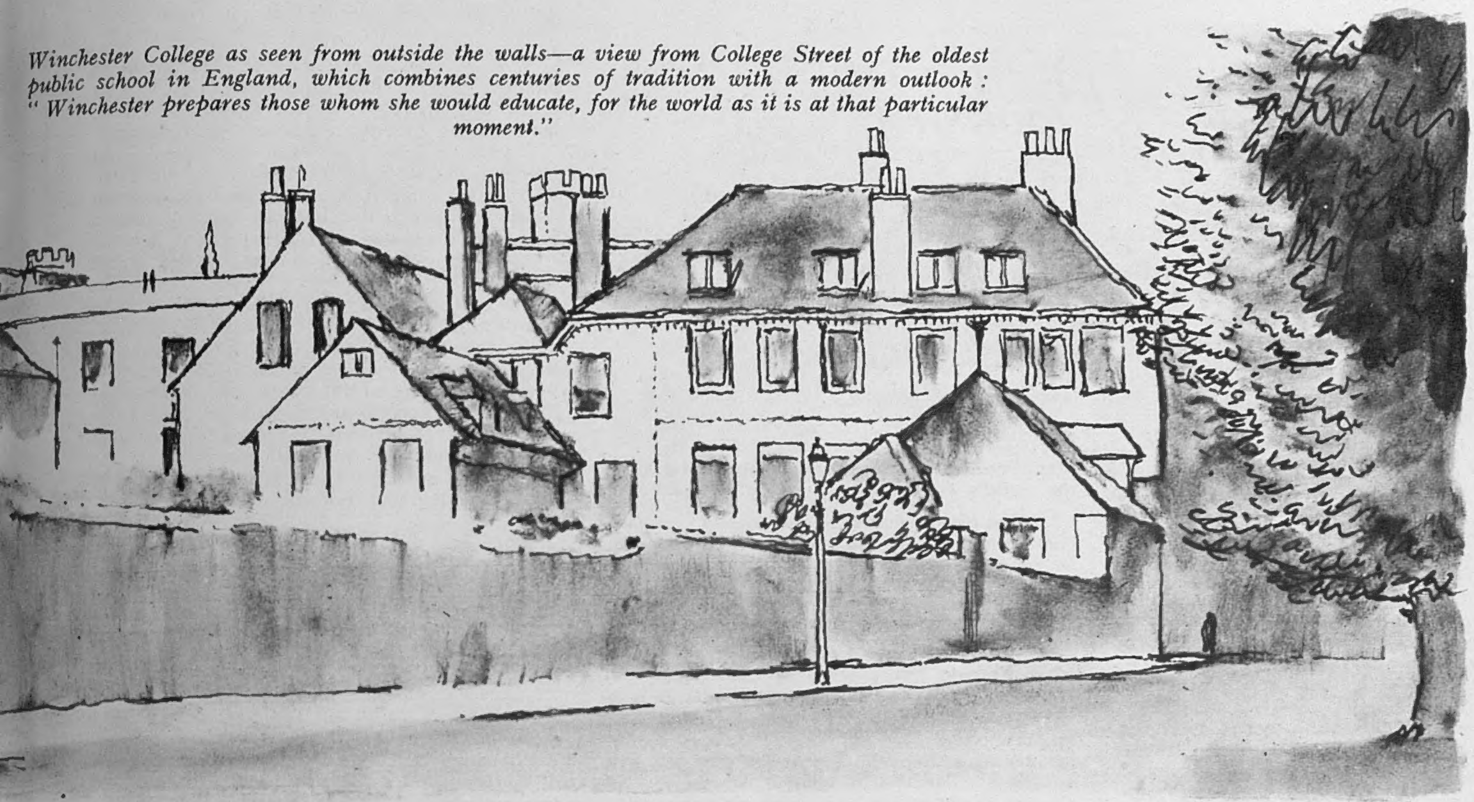
IT has been said that the youth of America is their oldest tradition; it has been going on now for 300 years. No doubt that explains why an American was so appreciative of Winchester. I had climbed St. Catherine's Hill, and there I found him, reading his guide-book like a good transatlantic citizen and ready to be chatty on the slightest provocation. His enthusiasm was understandable. If you care for old things, for beautiful things, and the history of England, there is only one city which will match your expectations . . . Winchester. I know it well, virtually from childhood, yet the view from St. Catherine's Hill never palls. It always quickens my heart after an absence. It is a tender, lovely vista with meaning more pregnant to an Englishman than the white cliffs of Dover.

"There's something about that town," said the American, "that gets me right in the throat; and I can't find words for it." I knew what he meant. The cynic may say that Winchester has about it a pompous, retired air, and that the tradesmen give the impression of specialising in the local gentry, but for those to whom the past means something, I know of no place in these islands where history is so close. At every corner the ghosts of centuries pull at one's sleeve. I looked at the city lying in the hollow and saw the Cathedral with its massive tower, the College partly obscured by trees, and the Hospital of St. Cross. For more than 1,000 years Winchester has been a city; in fact, so much began within its boundaries that even the American thought I was over-selling.

I informed him that the Cathedral was the longest in England . . . that it covered within its walls more than an acre-and-a-half . . . that it held the remains of men who governed the country before England had received its name, men like Cnut, Cynegils and Egbert, who at a Witan in 827 proclaimed himself king of a realm which he called Angle-land. I pointed out that within Wolvesey Walls the greatest record of our national history, the *English Chronicle*, was conceived by Alfred . . . that in Winchester the first curfew rang . . . Domesday was compiled . . . the first English Public School was founded.

Later on I went into the Great Hall of the Castle of Winchester, all that now remains of the royal palace which stood on the traditional site of the Castle of King Arthur. On the wall hung the Round Table of

Winchester College as seen from outside the walls—a view from College Street of the oldest public school in England, which combines centuries of tradition with a modern outlook : " Winchester prepares those whom she would educate, for the world as it is at that particular moment."



King Arthur, described by Caxton when he wrote *Morte d'Arthur*. Obviously it is not the table of legend, though it may well be 800 years old. As I stood in that Great Hall I thought of other associations linked with the King who rode down history on a harp-string. I pictured Tintagel, that grey rock above the sea, haunted by Arthur and his Knights . . . I thought of the Vale of Avalon with its billowing sea of mist through which glided that " dusky barge, dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern " in which the hooded queens bore the dying Arthur, his scabbard empty of Excalibur

A lane close to the Itchen led to a grey gatehouse guarding a courtyard and grey stone buildings. Here was the Hospital of St. Cross, the oldest almshouse in England. Like all Cluniac houses, the foundation emphasised the need for relief to the poor. The tradition persists in the Wayfarer's Dole, where at a hatch in Beaufort's Tower you can get a token offering of ale in a horn and bread on a wooden platter. A glimpse of the Brethren of St. Cross in their long gowns with a silver cross worn on the breast suggests a world utterly remote from our everyday existence.

I have left to the last any reference to Winchester College, for though the College of St. Mary was not the first school in England, it is the oldest Public School in the country. For the benefit of Etonians, I might add that it was the precursor of their foundation. The first Headmaster of Eton was Waynflete, Headmaster of Winchester, and later Bishop of Winchester. I have heard criticism that Winchester is an anachronism, that it is contrary to the spirit and trend of social change. I content myself by saying that it has long been a mistake to imagine that Winchester is parochial. On the contrary, she is very close to the pulse of the world . . . a law unto herself, an entity behind walls of tradition, but the outward air of indifference is deceptive. Winchester prepares those whom she would educate, for the world as it is at that particular moment. The suggestion of monastic calm that would have appealed to its Founder and the original priests and scholars is only surface deep. Winchester is essentially a college of the world. Its product is a child of the world: a child of culture, trained to love the world with discriminating care and self-assured ease—qualities that are finally rounded by her sister college at Oxford.

Winchester left me feeling sad. It is not the same as of childhood. It lacks the flattering spaciousness of boyhood's vision. In that sense, every visitation is a butchering of innocent memories. Instead of shades of Roman legionaries, Danish Vikings, Saxon berserkers, friars, merchants and pilgrims, I looked at the slow-moving line of unending traffic in the High Street, traffic lights and pedestrian crossings, and thought of Aldous Huxley's remark that progress is a very recent invention.

The old Market Cross in Winchester High Street.

Our Bookshelf

GUARD YOUR DAUGHTERS. By Diana Tutton. (*Chatto and Windus ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE STORY OF THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS. By Maria Augusta Trapp. (*Geoffrey Bles ; 16s.*)

UNDER THE INFLUENCE. By Geoffrey Kerr. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

(*deputising for Rupert Croft-Cooke, who is on holiday.*)

"GUARD YOUR DAUGHTERS" is a first novel, and so original that it might seem a mild contradiction in terms to add that the gay, uninhibited dialogue between the sisters, their disarming frankness combined with sophistication, pleasantly brings back to mind *The Constant Nymph* ; especially a forlorn quality in Teresa, youngest of those five who are a little more beautiful than five of one family have any right to be. For little Teresa (do you remember her prototype, Tessa ?) carries the mark of the eternal victim, immature, pitiful, unprotected even by her childlike wisdom that so often penetrates to the truth more sharply than adolescence. A haunting echo, also, of Tchekov's *Three Sisters*, and the sinister undercurrent which must come from a movement of madness in the house, recalling *Rebecca* and *Jane Eyre*, and still it can be obstinately maintained that *Guard Your Daughters* is as original as any novel to have appeared for a long time. There is one more scent, elusive, tantalising, to keep us chasing along after it, nose to the ground. . . . Can it be *Little Women* ? No, the penny-plain, sturdy, New England quality of Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy does not in the least resemble the twopence-coloured charm of Thisbe, Morgan, Cressida and Teresa, just beginning to rebel against their planned and inexorable isolation in a remote village of an older England. Morgan Harvey, aged eighteen, is the narrator ; and Morgan, therefore, we have to thank for certain irrepressibly funny passages, especially the one telling of a belated attempt to improve fifteen-year-old Teresa's "education" by marching her along for French lessons to a near-by convent, where she behaves so exactly like a little Christian martyr enduring torture that the whole project has to be abandoned ; and an equally amusing description of Morgan gloriously letting herself go, when she and Thisbe have been for once allowed to accept an invitation to a local cocktail party given by Lord and Lady Malfrey. The invitation was procured for them by one of the several suitors who were always dropping from the skies and being rudely shooed away by the father of the quartette, with as little compunction as shown by Prospero or Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street under somewhat similar circumstances. Yet this father, a successful writer of detective stories, was in essence a kind and loving parent, so his unreasonable behaviour remains a riddle until gradually we trace an answer to the mystery : that to maintain what he imagines to be a frail remnant of sanity in the strange, bewitching wife whom he adores, he has made unrepentant sacrifice of his daughters and of his own career . . . Pandora alone, married and gone to live in London, had suspected that her mother was merely putting on an act, which, like all acts consistently pampered, draws her at last perilously near the border-line.

Final escape for the other closely-guarded daughters from She-Who-Must-Not-Be-Thwarted is only reached after an increasing period of horror and tension, laughter gradually dying down until the menace tightens and breaks. . . . And with a sensation of weariness and relief, as though we too had passed through the wild, dramatic climax, we leave Morgan peacefully reading aloud to little Teresa from *The Courtier*, by Castiglione, the child's oddly-beloved bedside book :

"*When the windows then were opened . . . they sawe already in the East a faire morning like unto the colour of roses.*"

IN contrast to the over-mothered household of *Guard Your Daughters*, the large family of Baron von Trapp were left motherless till Maria Augusta, a devout young girl in the Benedictine Convent near Salzburg, was sent up to spend a few months as governess at his fine country mansion, before she entered her novitiate. The Will of God to which she was always obedient (in this case, not too difficult) was presently to make her the second Baroness von Trapp ; and fiction would hardly dare unfold a Success Story as unbelievable as her true chronicle of how they were all to voyage through black catastrophe, to ultimate triumph in the United States as the famous Trapp Family Singers. For after Hitler's occupation of Austria, the Trapps, staunch and truthful Catholics, could not safely remain and flout the Nazi leader's sardonic loyalty tests. A vivid, most unpleasant glimpse of the Messiah of the Third Reich, relaxed and roaring with laughter among his bodyguard, confirmed the Baron's decision not to stay and eventually run submarine bases useful for their warlike intentions :

"*The gayest of all was 'he.' He slapped his thigh and roared so heartily that twice he started to choke. He rose from his chair, only to fall backwards in helpless merriment. His thin hair fell over his forehead, his arms waved in the air, his world-famous moustachelet quivered—he was an embarrassing sight.*"

"When God shuts a door, He opens a window !"—So, like thousands of others at that time, they went into exile, penniless, ignorant of America's customs or language : ("Can I help you with anything ?" an obliging young man at Scribner's on Fifth Avenue once asked the Baroness ; who replied somewhat haughtily, having recently had a puzzling interview with her booking agent : "Book on sex appeal, please. Need it for concerts.")

The extraordinary survival of the Trapps can be traced back to that first lucky moment, years before, when the young governess, who believed in practical remedies, discovered that her future stepchildren were too regimented for joy, and encouraged them to sit round her on the floor (a hitherto forbidden informality) and learn how to sing folk-songs while she played the guitar. The Baron was bothered by an inadvertent remark of hers :

"*'What do you mean, this house has no living-room ?'*
'No,' I said, 'it hasn't.'
'How about the big drawing-room, the little drawing-room, the library and the music-room ?'
'No,' I insisted, 'that is not the same. Father, Mother, and children really have to live in the same room—work, read, play and write in it. Then it is a living-room.'"

Maria Augusta also introduces us to their fascinating, their literally *heartfelt* celebrations of Christmas, Easter and birthdays ; and to the mischievous disillusion in store for her one summer when she had innocently suggested that as enthusiastic music-lovers, why should they not remain at home for the Salzburg Festival ? "Georg gave in with a somewhat mysterious smile"—pretending great surprise when relatives and friends who had not visited him for many years one after another began to send bland, genial letters soliciting invitations to stay for just that period.

The account of Georg's death is so movingly set down that we can only be glad he had first lived to see his beloved family miraculously established, not as the pleasant amateurs of their Salzburg days, but with full nationality and professional status in the country of their adoption, the country that had so warmly and generously adopted them.

NOT often does a fantasy which sets out to be light, ridiculous and funny, actually succeed in deserving all three adjectives ; and it is probable that Geoffrey Kerr has escaped the usual condemnation : "He can't keep it up," on his characters rather than the plot of *Under the Influence*. For once we learn that Harry Browne has suddenly developed an astonishing gift for thought-reading (though only under conditions the reverse of teetotal) we expect to see him in trouble over and over again, till at last it should somehow work itself out and he can settle down to be normal and happy. Harry is a nice little man, never on the make, and, unlike most people, desiring to be anonymously helpful. The author has failed with Harry's best girl, who is without charm to justify her inconvenient scruples, her capricious conscience and her tactless bad timing ; her mother's unwobbling attachment to every wrong belief is far more fun. The book chiefly succeeds, however, on a male trio of unfailing delight who take over the narrative chapter by chapter : Arthur Rawlings, a fourth-rate Variety Agent, richly cheerful even though poor Lulu Labelle, once his star booking, has become more of a legend than an asset ; Bill Fitzenvoy of the *Clarion*, perfect echo of a P. G. Wodehouse young man, complete with good heart and fatuous idiom ; and Detective - Inspector Thomas Thrayle of New Scotland Yard, who sturdily refuses to believe what he cannot see, even when the Assistant Commissioner and the Home Secretary order him to believe and act on it :

"*'Very good, sir,' I said, feeling as despondent as if I had just heard that Cabinet meetings were conducted with the aid of a ouija-board.*"

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

REMAINING A STRANGER.
By Mary Voyle. (*Heinemann ; 7s. 6d.*)

CHRISTMAS AT CANDLESHOE.
By Michael Innes. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

WHICH DOCTOR.
By Edward Candy. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE HATE MERCHANT.
By Niven Busch. (*W. H. Allen ; 12s. 6d.*)

VIDEHI.
By C. L. Holden. (Macmillan ; 15s.)

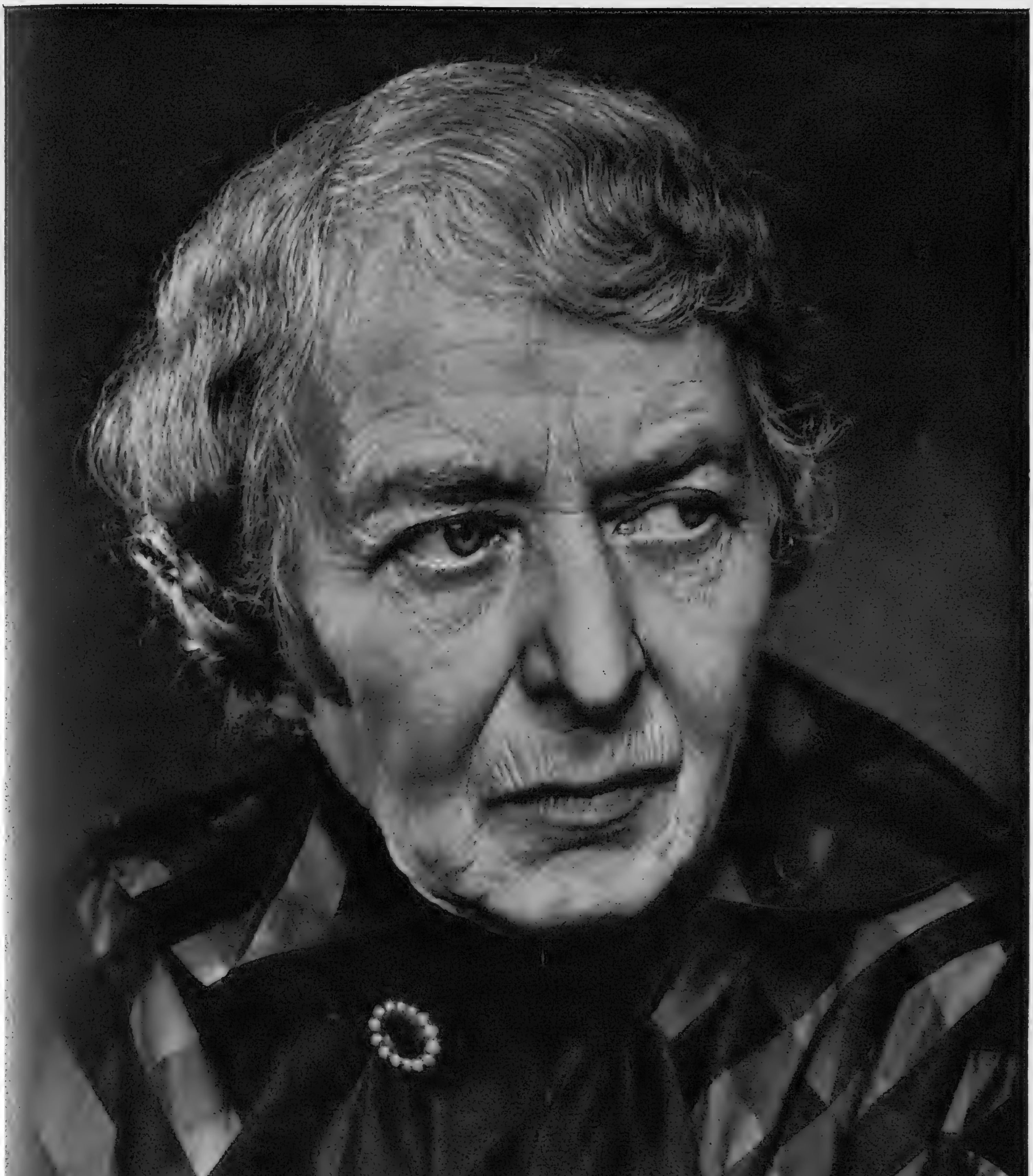
THE PIKE BEELZEBUB
By Johan Fabricius. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

LOVE THAT GOLF.
By Don Herold. (*The World's Work Ltd. ; 8s. 6d.*)

SPACEWAYS.
By Charles Eric Maine. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

ANIMAL COURTSHIP.
By Maurice Burton. (*Hutchinson ; 16s.*)
An exhaustive illustrated account of the breeding seasons of many living creatures.

THE FLAGSTAD MANUSCRIPT.
By Louis Biancolli (*Heinemann ; 21s.*)
The autobiography of Kirsten Flagstad as told to the American music critic who wrote Mary Garden's Story.



Personality Parade—5

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E.

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

There 's oil paint *and* grease paint in the blood of Dame Laura Knight, who first went "behind the scenes" in search of a subject nearly forty years ago and was completely captivated by the special magic of "backstage"—that strange half-world of darting shadows and flickering lights. Since then, she has never been far from the theatre. But all the world is her stage, and she regards it with a penetrating vision. She has captured with incredible delicacy and discernment the colour and bustle of circus life, the beauty and elegance of ballet dancers at work and at rest, and has vividly portrayed the gypsies she knows so well. Her portraits, her landscapes—everything she does—show this same vitality. "I try to paint *life*," she says. It is our good fortune that success so visibly crowns her efforts.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

The Dance of Salome.

Some Paintings by

The Battle of the Catalaunian Plain, near Châlons-sur-Marne.

The Lady Bagot.

The Lady Rotherwick of Tylney.

Richard Marientreu

The recent exhibition of portraits and decorative paintings by Austrian-born Richard Marientreu at the R.W.S. Galleries, in Conduit Street, gave visitors an excellent opportunity to study the extraordinary range of his work. The fine portraits we reproduce here show his distinctive style in this branch of painting, in which he has already formed a gallery which includes many distinguished people. Some of his portraits of children are among his best works, and in these, as in his studies of adult figures, his work has an unobtrusive thoroughness, with much attention to costume detail and background.

In complete contrast of style are his highly inventive and imaginative paintings of "history subjects," an old expression meaning some ancient or mythological theme. Such pictures, in which historical accuracy can be sacrificed in the interest of artistic interpretation, follow naturally upon the art pattern he set himself in his work on the Continent before coming to England in 1933. He studied in Vienna, Prague, Dresden and Paris, after which he spent some years in Czechoslovakia, where he became known for his church frescoes—particularly those in the Church of Maria Schein, near Carlsbad—and his portraits of many of the church dignitaries.

It was around that time, too, that he began to paint his historic pictures, chiefly on old Austrian and Bohemian history, and these are the forerunners of the paintings reproduced on the opposite page, and others like them. The chief merit of these mythological themes is that they allow the artist to represent movement, sharply contrasting light and shade, and intricately composed groups of figures and animals on a grand scale. In this sphere, he does not confine himself to the purely historical or mythological theme, however: his *Political Demonstration in Europe*, with its dark, menacing crowd advancing beneath a banner sharply outlined against a garish sky, is equally as strong as his historical works, while being movingly symbolic of modern Europe.

The diversity of his work is seen again in the painting depicting peasant dancers in festal costume, in the Austria of his youth. Such impressions have obviously stood the test of time—and live again in the quiet of his London studio, sharing the dramatic atmosphere with the calm and placid subjects of his portraits, or the turbulent confusion of warriors in combat and fiery-spirited horses reminiscent of Géricault's prancing steeds.

The Lady Mary Burghley.

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

Revival of a Classic Thriller

I MUST confess to a personal aversion—almost amounting to a nausea—for plays set in a court of law. In such a setting it is difficult to ring any form of change. You can't very well introduce a french window, leading to a pleasant, sunlit garden, to alleviate the drabness of the court itself; and your characters, however hard you may try, inevitably resolve themselves into the stock pattern. There is the judge—often played by an actor who conveniently keeps his script open on the table in front of him—who is benevolent or stern, as the occasion demands, and who never fails to make some inane quip at which the court rocks with dutiful laughter. This laughter, of course, is always quelled by some drab gentleman whose other function is to administer the Oath, over and over again, to a succession of witnesses, until one wants to scream. The witnesses themselves are divided into two classes: the central characters, who give their evidence with tense, drawn faces, never fail to go into fainting fits, and have to be revived by the administration of glasses of rather stale water; and the subsidiary characters either shifty creatures who lie like hell, or "perfect cautions" full of malapropisms and saucy quips. Lastly, there are the leading counsel, one of whom must be kindly and fair, while the other is a bag of malicious acid.

You will find this pattern rigidly adhered to in *Libel*, by Edward Wooll, when it comes to your television screens on September 6th and 10th. But then *Libel* is a classic of its kind, and has been largely responsible for the creation of the formula. And it has the undeniable merit of telling a gripping story in a gripping way. So, in spite of my aversion, I heartily recommend it to your viewing.

Sir Mark Loddon, the third baronet of his name, is suing the *Daily Gazette* for libel, inasmuch as this somewhat dubious publication has printed in its columns the information that Sir Mark is an impostor. Then the dirt begins to emerge. In a German prison camp at Hobheim, during the First World War, there were three British officers: Frank Welney, Patrick Buckenham and Mark Loddon (who had been wounded and shell-shocked in the Battle of the Marne). This had left Mark with no recollection prior to the injury. In October 1918, the three of them escaped and made their way to the Belgian frontier, arriving a few days before the Armistice. There the three of them had got separated, and Mark eventually returned to England, where he assumed his heritage and married Enid, who had waited four years for him. Then one day, years later, Buckenham turned up at Mark's home and accused him of being in fact Welney, who had murdered Mark and assumed his identity. As an attempt at blackmail did not come off, Buckenham gets the story to the *Daily Gazette*. And that is more or less where we came in. But the case is complicated by a hideous coincidence that both Mark and Welney had wounds in their thighs, a missing finger and similar tattoo marks. Beyond this, I will not go, because those who did not see the previous television presentation, or the even earlier successful London production, will find it well worth their while to see how it all works out.

Films on television, while not amounting to an aversion, I usually leave alone on this page. For, after all, they are Miss Lejeune's department, and I'm sure she would be very cross if I interfered. But *World Without End* comes into a special category of films. It has been sponsored by U.N.E.S.C.O.; and that body has chosen television, rather than the cinema, as the medium through which to disseminate it to the British public. This is on August 31, so I hope I will not be blasted in "At the Cinema" if I indulge in a little preliminary blurbing.

U.N.E.S.C.O.—quite rightly, as far as I am concerned—feel that the general public know very little of its activities, or why their income-tax should be swelled to maintain it and its subsidiary agencies like W.H.O., F.A.O., U.N.I.C.E.F., etc. The film sets out to explain and vindicate these bewildering hieroglyphics, which represent an international unity in the social field not always apparent in the political. Briefly, Ross MacLean, head of films in U.N.E.S.C.O., invited—or, rather, challenged—those two ace-makers of documentaries, Paul Rotha and Basil Wright, to make a film simultaneously at opposite sides of the world, to show what is being done to combat the present universal evils of poverty, malnutrition, ignorance and disease. The *venues* chosen were Mexico and Thailand—which could scarcely be further apart, but share the same desperate problems. Those problems are not unknown in other sectors of the globe—not even in our "silver sea"-set island. From what I hear, this film will in no way resemble a cosy evening at the Odeon. But, perhaps it may make you think, sympathise—and even help.

THIS WEEK . . .

MARGARETTA SCOTT

Margaretta Scott, who heads a formidable cast, including Laidman Browne, Walter Hudd and Andre van Gyseghem, can be seen to-night in The Nine Days' Wonder, *by Constance Cox. This is an unique occasion, for it is the first time—I think I'm right—when a play has been entirely in the hands of women. For, apart from Miss Scott and the author, the distaff side includes the designer, Eileen Diss, and the producer, Tatiana Lieven. The play should be interesting, even if only for the fact that it deals with a little-known facet of theatre history, at the time when the Kembles and their sister, Mrs. Siddons, were entrancing London audiences. This is the phenomenal success enjoyed by a young boy actor named Henry West Betty in John Kemble's company. He took the fancy of the public to such an extent that people fought to see him, and there came a time when Kemble found himself completely acted off his own stage. The play admittedly takes a certain amount of liberty with chronology, but should be entertaining, nevertheless.*

SOLOMON

Solomon, one of the world's most distinguished pianists, will be heard on August 28th, when he will be playing in one of the concerts to be televised from the Edinburgh Festival. The work Mr. Solomon will be playing on this occasion is the Piano Concerto No. 3, in C. minor, by Beethoven. The orchestra will be the B.B.C. Symphony, under the conductorship of Sir Malcolm Sargent. Another concert, which might be of interest to discerning viewers, comes from the Edinburgh studio on September 6th. This will be given by the Italian Opera Quartet, Alda Noni, Fernanda Cadoni, Juan Oncina and Cesto Bruscantini, accompanied at the piano by John Pritchard. The programme will include the recently discovered Tarantella by Donizetti and the "instrument" trio from Maestro di Musica, *by Pergolesi. Then on September 12th the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, will give us a programme devoted to the works of Johann Strauss and Schubert "straight from the source."*

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

Sounding Brass, by Leslie Burgess, was an extremely able example of that heart-breaking form of the playwrights' art, the chronicle play. This one was about "Railway King" George Hudson, who had visions of a Great Britain linked from end to end by a railway system. It gave Edward Chapman an opportunity for a superb performance as the ruthless materialist Roy Oxley, who was responsible for the settings, deserves a bouquet all to himself.

A Penny for a Song, by John Whiting, did not set the Thames on fire when produced in the West End. But its whimsical nonsense, about the preparations of a country squire and his family to meet the imminent Napoleonic invasion, suited the television medium very well. Delightful performances by Hugh Burden, John Ruddock, Barbara Cavan and Alban Blakelock under the imaginative direction of Barbara Burnham.

Where the Heart Is, Aimée Stuart's play about divorce and the effect of broken homes upon children, was given a most sensitive production by that genius Michael Barry. It was also the occasion when one saw performances of amazing sincerity and naturalism by a quintet of players: Julie Somers, Cyril Raymond, Pauline Jameson, Charles Morgan and Maureen Pryor.

Indifferent

A Little Of What You Fancy. Gilbert Harding's categorical programme unfortunately has to come under this heading. For though I enjoyed it at the time, mature reflection reveals a number of presentational faults which should not have been. Of these the worst were excessive length, maladroit camera work, and allowing Mr. Harding, from being the king-pin of the programme—devoted to his personal likes and dislikes—to degenerate into yet another *compère* of yet another Light Entertainment. But the basic idea is good and could develop into a delightful series.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

Chatting on the lawn are, *l. to r.* : Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, the bride's grandfather, Mrs. J. E. A. Cranmer and Mr. J. E. A. Cranmer.

Two guests at this pretty wedding waiting to cheer the happy couple on their way are Mr. and Mrs. John Burgess, of Kirkcaldy.

Also waiting to farewell the bride are Mrs. Arthur Purves, *left*, of Earlshall, Leuchars, and Mrs. Dugald Skene of Pitlour.

The bride and groom after the ceremony at Bow of Fife Church near Cupar, in Fife, on August 14th. The bride, Miss Mary Spencer-Nairn, is the only daughter of Mr. D. L. Spencer-Nairn of Villa Franca, Glendale, Southern Rhodesia, and of Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer-Nairn of Barham, Cupar, Fife.

Pretty wedding guest on the right is Miss Margaret Duff of Melville House, with *left*, Mr. C. W. McGeorge, and centre, Mr. Alastair Watson.

The bridegroom, Major Andrew Houston, Royal Dragoons, eldest son of the late Mr. W. McA. Houston, and of Mrs. Houston, of 39, Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, replies to a toast. Mrs. Spencer-Nairn is on the right.

SCOTTISH WEDDING FOR DRAGOON MAJOR

Photographed by P. K. McLaren

Photographed by F. J. Goodman.

The Countess Henri Urbain Chevreau d'Antraigues

A recent portrait of the beautiful Countess Chevreau d'Antraigues, daughter of Lady Latta, of Lowndes House, Belgrave Square, and of the late Sir John Latta. Her first husband, the seventh Marquis de Cramayel, died in 1943, and their son Guy, now twenty-eight, succeeded to the title. She lives with her husband in the historical Chateau Élysée at Ouchy-Lausanne, in Switzerland.

AUGUST 4th.—PRIZE PONY. The Duchess of Rutland exhibited her magnificent pony *Belvoir Apricot* during the National Palomino Championships at Hope, Derbyshire.

AUGUST 6th.—CIGARETTES AND SWEATERS. At the garden party given by officers of the Black Watch at Doo'cot Park, Perth, Colonel Lord Forteviot (*left*), of the Black Watch cricket team, discusses the match with the umpire, Brigadier Gilroy, also of the Black Watch.

AUGUST 11th.—DUBLIN WEDDING. Mr. William Hanson, a member of the British Show Jumping Team and Joint-Master of the Grove and Rufford Hounds, married Miss Patricia Edge, one of Ireland's foremost horsewomen, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

AUGUST 12th.—THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH HAD A GLORIOUS OPENING. Wonderful sunshine defeated the customary Scottish mists on the opening day of the grouse-shooting season in Perthshire. Pictured on Riemore (*l. to r.*) are Lord Cadogan, Captain Michael Lyle, Colonel Dewhurst, Captain James Rattray and Mr. Edward Warner.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

MANY diplomats, M.P.s and Latin-Americans helped the Bolivians to celebrate their independence day with a cocktail party at Claridge's on August 6th. The genial Bolivian Ambassador, Dr. Justo Rodas Eguino, and his wife were excellent hosts; we saw Senora Suazo, the very pretty wife of the Honduras Chargé d'Affaires, Dr. and Senora Andres Aramburu—he is Second Secretary at the Peruvian Embassy—Senora Pineros, and, on the English side, Lord Reading.

Over in Ireland, the hunt colours of nearly two dozen different packs from England and Ireland were to be seen in the ballroom of the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, at the Meath Hunt Ball, quite the jolliest of all the Horse Show Week balls. The new Joint-Master, Mr. Joe McCauley, and his wife brought a huge party which included Colonel Cameron, the other Joint-Master, Lord Fingal, all too seldom seen at dances these days, Mrs. Nancy Connell, a former Master of the Meath, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Harry Llewellyn, and Mrs. Lelgarde Evans, in an unusual dress of blue and gold hand-woven tweed. Mr. Bruce Ogilvy, brother of Lord Airlie, and his wife were with Major and Mrs. Hughes Gibbs and Brigadier and Mrs. O'Critchley. Lady Dunraven, in a lovely dress of white organdie with black spots, brought her daughter, Lady Melissa Wyndham Quin; also seen were Lady Fitzwilliam and her daughter, Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, and Lord and Lady Cole. Miss Grania Wingfield, whose mother, Lady Powerscourt, had a large house-party, came with, among others, Lord Hereford, Miss Gillian Cecil, Lord Burghley's daughter, and Mr. Gerald Noel, Lord Gainsborough's son.

AUGUST 7th.—Went to a party given by the High Commissioner for India and Mrs. Kher in honour of General Maharaj Rajendrasinghji, Commander-in-Chief Indian Army, at the Indian Services Club. Major-General E. D. Giles, General Sir Kenneth and Lady Crawford, and Sir Harold Parker were there, also author Sir Compton Mackenzie, Professor Blackett, Principal of Manchester University and a frequent visitor to India, Major-General Sir Kenneth Strong and Lord Birdwood.

AUGUST 8th.—At the Bembridge Sailing Club Dance, which rounded off the gayest and most successful Cowes Week for years, we heard from the club secretary, Commander Grant that there was absolutely no "messing about in boats." Among the 500 squeezed into the club-house were Commander Sir Hugh Dawson (Commodore), Lieut.-Colonel G. R. G. Huddleston (Vice-Commodore) and Captain M. W. Lowry-Corry (Rear-Commodore). Commander and Mrs. Penryn Monck—she is Lord Dunboyne's sister—came over from Yaverland Manor, Sir Philip and Lady Margetson and Lord and Lady Malmesbury were others about.

AUGUST 9th.—Down at Monksbridge, near Sunbury-on-Thames, the new Club de Cleo got off to a rousing start with a very jolly party. People danced Cossack dances in the ballroom of the lovely old Georgian house, dined in a cellar brightened up with gay check tablecloths, and wandered about the riverside lawns. Lady Tredegar sat outside listening to gipsy strollers playing Russian songs, so did Wing-Commander and

AUGUST 7th.—DUBLIN HORSE SHOW. Mr. W. H. White, captain of the English team which won the Aga Khan's Cup for international jumping at Ballsbridge for the third year in succession, receives the trophy from Mr. Sean O'Kelly, President of Eire.

AUGUST 8th.—MARRIED AT THE TOWER. Flanked by Yeoman Warders, the Hon. Kathleen Brooke, daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, who is Constable of the Tower of London, and her bridegroom, Lieut. Oliver Stoney, leave the Tower Chapel.

AUGUST 12th.—THE SHOOTING CHANCELLOR. Cosily ensconced at the butts, gun poised, waiting for the birds to rise, was Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was shooting the moors at Masham, Yorks.

AUGUST 13th.—FILM PREMIÈRE. Lord and Lady Melchett in the foyer of the Empire, Leicester Square, for the première of *The Red Beret* in aid of the Airborne Forces Security Fund and the United Appeal for the Blind.

AUGUST 9th.—WEST COUNTRY WEDDING. Leaving Dawlish Parish Church after their marriage are Mr. John Walbeoffe-Wilson and his bride, the former Miss Fleur Rayner, daughter of Brigadier Ralph Rayner.

Mrs. Bruce Harvey, Colonel and Mrs. Daniels and Sir Basil Tangye, and lots of actors and actresses were there too.

AUGUST 10th.—More news from Ireland about Dublin Horse Show; as all the excitement of the Irish season is crammed into this one week everyone had a hectic time, and, as usual, there was a mass migration from England. The Duke of Beaufort went over to judge the medium-weight hunter classes, Lady Moyra Hamilton saw her mother, the Marchioness of Hamilton, very handsome in black habit and tall silk hat, compete in the ladies' hunter class, and Lord and Lady Carew were watching their children, very accomplished young riders indeed, riding in the juvenile events. Others there each day included Sir Charles and Lady Harvey, Lord Inchiquin, Lord Patrick Beresford, Miss Rosemary Stockdale and Mr. Ian Henderson.

AUGUST 11th.—Enormous cars, mostly bearing CD plates, were parked outside the Jordan Embassy in Upper Phillimore Gardens, where the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Medhet Joma, and his delightful wife, who is Egyptian, had a reception to celebrate the anniversary of King Hussein's accession. Lord Kinross looked in, we saw General Sir James and Lady Marshall-Cornwall, Sir William Gavin, Lord and Lady Latymer, the latter in black-and-white, and the Mayor of Westminster. Air Marshal S. C. Strafford and his wife arrived with the Belgian Ambassador, near by was the Argentine Ambassador, also Madame Subandrio, wife of the Indonesian Ambassador, who said she was soon off on holiday to Switzerland, Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, drinking orange squash, and Sir James Bowker.

AUGUST 12th.—The grouse put up a remarkably brave show on the "Glorious Twelfth"—in Perthshire, landed lairds mustered in strength on their respective ancestral heaths, also visiting sportsmen like the Nawab of Bhopal, who has leased part of Lord Ancaster's Drummond Castle estate in the Crieff vicinity, and the Marquess of Manzanedo and a party of Spanish friends, who are making their headquarters outside Dunkeld for combined operations on the Drumour ground, which the Count of Barcelona has rented for several seasons. Lord Mansfield and his son Lord Stormont, both skilled shots, had excellent sport on the Logiealmond moorland; so did not-far-distant neighbours such as Major Douglas Maitland-Makgill-Crichton of Monzie, Sir James Denby Roberts of Strathallan, Lord Forteviot at Dupplin Castle, and Major James Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray of Abercairney, whose Ardoch moor has again been taken by Lord Rockley. Sir George Nairn, Mr. Tom Burrell, whose party of seven guns bagged 110 brace at Tighnabruich, and Major David Butter, who has a lovely house on the Tay near Dunkeld, were others "out" on the twelfth—in Aberdeenshire Lord Glentanar had a big house-party, including Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett and his attractive wife, the former Miss Georgina Fox, at Forest of Glen Tanar, near Aboyne.

The British Federation of University Women had an enormous reception at floodlit County Hall for delegates over here for the eleventh annual International Conference of the I.F.U.W., when we met lots of interesting and friendly women from all over the world. Nancy, Lady Astor, in tremendous form, was talking to Mrs. Ronquillo, from the Philippines, and Dr. M. Luders, from Germany. Cheerful Mrs. Guthmundsson, head of the Meteorological Office in Iceland, where the depressions come from, Professor Moran, of Trinity, Dublin, and Miss Dorothy Leet were three of the many queueing to see a film made of the recent conference; outside on the terrace we found Miss Muriel Bond, President of the British Federation, Air Commandant M. Salmon and Dame Evelyn Sharp.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

The Glitter and the Gold

Aren't We All?

(*Haymarket*)

TWO performances in this revived Lonsdale comedy, back-dated to 1914 from its original 1923, are for all who care for the art of acting. It is easy enough sometimes to get away with a thick character-part. Wiggery and mannerism will do the trick. Just as, in farce, the key to success is to repeat the same thing three times—the last repetition should ensure a laugh—so, in one brand of "character" acting, a reiterated inflection or grimace will do everything needful. True, a good deal of current character-acting is first-rate. Any blanket-generalisation must be unfair. But it is also true that seemingly effortless, more or less "straight" comedy acting, is often appraised at far less than worth, while a bit of elaborate grease-paint stuff will get the cheers. It has long been so. Gerald du Maurier, best of naturalistic players, was often under-valued because he did not appear to be acting. It was written of him sagely:

So compact in art, so debonair,
With nature held in discipline so fine,
That we spectators watched him, unaware
Of beauty driven from so deep a mine.

Ronald Squire has the same apparent effortlessness, a master's ease. With a silken touch he strokes and coaxes any text. There is always an economy of movement. Squire—since the Test Match is flashing on television in the room below and I write this to the cheering of the Oval crowd—Squire, I repeat, never uses the drive or the hook. He employs the fine cut (though, I hasten to say, not in a theatrical sense), and the ball is usually speeding to the boundary. Getting away from cricket (by closing door and windows), I must explain that this comedy, written in 1923, is really about the effect of two stolen kisses—one in Egypt, one in Mayfair. Lord Grenham, the Squire part, has nothing to do with either. But it is obvious that Lonsdale is much more in love with Grenham than with any of his other people (except the Lady Frinton Marie Löhr acts with so much authority), and it is of Grenham that we are likely to think when the play is over. Certainly, since first seeing *Aren't We All?* years ago, I have thought of Grenham whenever the play is mentioned—that mischievous, gay, unattached *viveur* who takes a hand in the affairs of the younger generation and who will be caught himself, before the comedy ends, by the equally gay and unattached Lady Frinton: she has hunted her quarry with persistent skill.

It is almost as if Lonsdale had thought anxiously of a plot, beaten one out, and then settled enthusiastically to decorate, to give to Grenham and Frinton the kind of quick, smart line that, through the years, we have thought of as typical Lonsdale. Much of the dialogue, maybe, is tinsel. We are reminded too of Maugham's description of an epigram: that, in effect, one loops the loop on a commonplace and comes down between the lines. Lonsdale does this kind of thing better than most—better, certainly, than Wilde in his routine mood—and Ronald Squire can get the gilt and tinsel to glitter in the theatre as though it were precious metal.

Miss Löhr shares this gift. When we have spoken of the Grenham-Frinton partnership, there is not much to add about the rest of the cast, usefully though it does its work. We observe that Jane Baxter can freshen the part of the young wife who, unwisely, misunderstands when she is in no very strong position herself; that Ronald Howard, as her husband, has a nice light comedy manner; and that Peter Williams is gallantly upstanding as a young Australian who looks as though every hit must be a six. (The Test Match still sways downstairs: Hutton has just been run out.) What more? Marjorie Fielding and George Howe are players of proved art, called upon here to animate a pair of puppets, a clergyman and his wife who never come alive, though Miss Fielding almost assures us in the last act that the woman does live.

We have to notice the careless generosity with which Lonsdale flings away his characters. Arthur Wells, Martin Steele, Kitty Lake—who are they? And a couple of butlers, too. This is the lazy Mayfair and country-house comedy of another generation, though there was really no need to back-date it to 1914 except to make Cecil Beaton's eyes glisten. He has enjoyed himself both in the "smaller drawing-room" at Willie Tatham's, and among the flowers of the Garden Room at Grenham Court. Visually, nothing could be better. And, for the rest, it is a delight to hear and to see Mr. Squire and Miss Löhr, and to catch an echo of Lonsdale pleasures gone: no doubt George, Duke of Bristol, is waiting for Grenham in the dressing-room. Unimportant, trivial? Maybe, maybe; but for August in London it is a reasonable summer night's dream.

SALUTE TO A GREAT LADY

We offer our heartfelt congratulations to Miss Helen Haye, seen here as the Dowager Empress of Russia in *Anastasia* (reviewed on this page), on the occasion of her seventy-ninth birthday, which she will celebrate on Friday, August 28th. The inimitable Miss Haye has delighted theatre audiences for fifty-five years, but never more brilliantly and thoroughly than in her present rôle.

Anastasia

(*St. James's*)

THERE, also, is the voice of experience, though in this play youth has a better chance. The first thing to say about *Anastasia* is that it is the second piece within a few weeks written purely for the theatre. It may be held, of course, that *Anastasia* was seen first in this country upon T.V., and that dramatists do not write as a rule for bathyscopes or dirigibles! Agreed; but it is an odd fact that far too many plays, meandering with a mazy motion, have been quite unstageworthy and yet have reached the stage. Happily, *Anastasia* is like *Carrington, V.C.* It is written to be acted; and it is acted at the St. James's with just the relish and decision that it needs.

Who is Anastasia? She may be the young woman, acted by Mary Kerridge, who is called "Anna Broun," and who appears first in one of the murkier Berlin cellars between the wars. Or she may be the Grand Duchess Anastasia, who was the younger daughter of the last of the Tsars. At once this sounds preposterous, for Anastasia, with the rest of her family, was killed in that dire massacre of July 17, 1918, in the cellar at Ekaterinburg, Siberia. History records that she was killed. Yet history could also record that a claimant to the title appeared in the 1930's; a ghost, an Anastasia who declared that she had got away from the firing-squad, and who sought a sum of money held for the Tsar in America. War blotted out the remnants of the tale. Anastasia faded into the mist like so many claimants of various kinds. The name was forgotten. Now, however, we have a stage version of the story—an invention (by the French dramatist, Marcelle Maurette, adapted by Guy Bolton), that has nothing to do with the Anastasia tale of the 1930's. This is a piece of fiction for theatrical performance, designed (and yet again I emphasise the word) theatrically. It lets Mary Kerridge act a woman who turns up in the first act as a memory-blurred wanderer, and who suddenly assumes the habit and the bearing of a Romanov Grand Duchess. What occurs in the third act must be experienced in the theatre: to disclose too much is to wrong the authors, though I can say that they have to fight with, and do not altogether conquer, the problem of any play of this kind: fictional incident must be matched up somehow with historical fact. And in *Anastasia* this is bound to be awkward.

The craftiness of the piece is in its suggestion that Anastasia may not be an impostor; that, after all, the three conspirators who are putting her forward may be doing better than they know; that, by astounding chance, this "Anna Broun" from the Berlin streets may be the daughter of the Tsar. We can think of it as we wish. It is clear, anyway, that Miss Kerridge can act Anastasia in all moods; that Helen Haye, the voice of experience, can create an excitingly vivid impression of the Dowager Empress of Russia on whose identification of the girl so much rests; and that Anthony Ireland (as the smooth Prince Bounine), Laurence Payne and Peter Illing can play the three conspirators, the Russian exiles in a sad makeshift world. Mr. Payne (we recall his Hamlet) is an actor of rich quality: soon he must have a better part in the West End.

Dust Under Our Feet

(*Arts Theatre Club*)

THE title prepares us for the worst. I cannot conceive why the Ulster Group Theatre chose to bring Michael J. Murphy's play to the Arts. It is mouthing "kitchen drama," heaped up to Cold Comfort absurdity. However, it does let us see very able "character" playing (and there is nothing bogus here) by such expert actors as James G. Devlin, in a kind of sullen shuffle-dance as an old grandfather; Patrick McAlinney, lurching voluble as a bitter-tongued alcoholic and James Mageean as a twitching, string-tangling half-wit. Nothing at all wrong with the company; but why inflict this play upon a well-wishing audience?

RICHARD III. : Scenes from the Tyrone Guthrie production of *Richard III.* at the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival. From *l. to r.* : Canadian Lloyd Bochner as the hapless Duke of Clarence ; the hunchbacked Richard III. (Alec Guinness) and the Earl of Richmond in the fight which ends in the King's death ; and Irene Worth as the tragic Queen Margaret.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL : Douglas Campbell as the turncoat soldier Parolles in Tyrone Guthrie's modern-dress production at Stratford, Ontario.

THE Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario, is a cultural enterprise quite unique in the history of Canada. Its amazingly popular reception—the season had to be extended from five to six weeks—augurs well for the ambitions of Mr. Tom Patterson, the young Canadian who first thought of a Shakespeare Festival in his native Stratford, and plans to hold one annually.

Mr. Patterson originally envisaged a single play, running for a fortnight, on an open-air stage beside the Avon, but when Mr. Tyrone Guthrie went to Canada last year he suggested instead a concrete arena, to be covered by a tent, with the stage projecting into the theatre, and this was done.

Another of Mr. Guthrie's suggestions adopted with much success was that a director, stage designer and a few leading actors should be engaged from England, but that the bulk of the company should be Canadian. Mr. Patterson came to London last September and managed to interest Alec Guinness in the project. Miss Irene Worth turned down other plays to join the company for the season, and Mr. Michael Bates, from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and Mr. Douglas Campbell, from the Old Vic, were also engaged. Mr. Guthrie agreed to direct the company, and Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch was engaged as costume and stage designer.

The 19,000 inhabitants of Stratford, Ontario, delighted with the festival, will doubtless develop in years to come a pride in their association with the bard almost equal to that of the inhabitants of his native Stratford-upon-Avon.

Alec Guinness as the King of France in *All 's Well That Ends Well.* Mr. Guinness postponed his next film to lead the company during the Festival.

Shakespeare in Canada

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER,
President.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES,
Secretary of State.

GEORGE M. HUMPHREY,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Was
Who

The Eisenhower administr
office last month, and Osc
to do some live, on-the-spo
make the wheels go round
by the sitters themselves-
Berger sees them, in a

SINCLAIR WEEKS,
Secretary of Commerce.

CHARLES E. WILSON,
Secretary of Defence.

EZRA TAFT BENSON,
Secretary of Agriculture.

JAMES C. HAGERTY,
White House Press Secretary.

ington

Who

completed six months in
erger went to Washington
icatures of the people who
ere they are, autographed
shington's V.I.P.s as artist
of drawings exclusive to
ch.

HERBERT BROWNELL,
Attorney-General.

MRS. OVETA CULP HOBBY,
Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

RICHARD M. NIXON,
Vice-President.

ARTHUR E. SUMMERFIELD,
Postmaster-General.

MARTIN P. DURKIN,
Secretary of Labour.

JOSEPH M. DODGE,
Director of the Budget.

DOUGLAS McKAY,
Secretary of the Interior.

D. A. G. PIRIE : For winning the "mile of the century."
The whole stadium stood up to cheer twenty-two-year-old D. A. G. Pirie at the White City on August 8th when he won the International Mile for the Emsley Carr Trophy at the British Games in 4 mins. 6.8 secs. Basically a long-distance runner, he holds the championships for the six miles world record, the three miles British record, the Irish four miles and the inter-Banks mile.

DILYS CADWALADR : For her crowning achievement.
A fifty-year-old schoolteacher became the first woman to win the Bardic Crown when her poem, *The Veil,* was judged the best of thirty-six entries submitted in the Crown contest at the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Rhyl this month. Dilys Cadwaladr—she is the wife of Mr. Leo Scheltinga—also won the second place with another poem.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

THE UNKNOWN EQUESTRIENNE : For a display of horse-sense.
The scene is an almost-deserted beach at East London, South Africa, and although the horse may look to you as if he 's having all his own way, believe us: he 's doing just exactly what his charming rider intends he should do—even to providing inspiration for her hair-style! Skirt-length fashions may come and go, but the "horse's-tail" hair-style has come to stay.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

A Master of the Arts

An informal study of actor-producer-director Alec Clunes in the library of his London flat. Currently appearing in the name-rôle of the successful *Carrington, V.C.*, at the Westminster Theatre, he will also be seen in his first major screen rôle in *Melba*, which has its première to-morrow evening at the Odeon, Leicester Square (see page 203). For nearly twelve years Alec Clunes has been theatre director of the London Arts Theatre. During that time he has been responsible for the production of more than 150 plays and has discovered some outstanding playwrights, notably Peter Ustinov and Christopher Fry. Now, he has added another string to his bow ; an ardent collector of books for many years, he has just gone into business as a book-dealer, specialising in early editions and antiquarian works relating to the theatre, and prints and china of theatrical interest.

She 's read the fashion leaders' plans
To " resurrect the use of fans."

And " sequins packed in gleaming rows "
Are fashion-wise for one who knows.

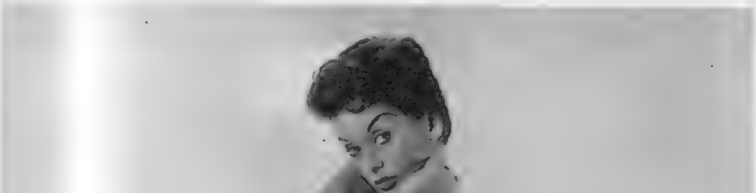
The " basic small black dress " is back
—There is no substitute for black !

But " new short lengths " that suit the tall,
Mean " added inches " for the small.

Australia's Own

" Old favourites will again adorn "
—Now, " ostrich feathers will be worn."

The demi-mondaine, sleek and svelte,
Will flaunt the " mink's exclusive pelt."



A towel 's the " must " accessory
For she who dallies by the sea.

And longer skirts will still entrance
On " she who dresses for the dance " !

Calendar Girls

THE GLORY THAT WAS ENGLAND'S—and a view of the tremendous crowd lucky enough to get into the Oval during that magnificent final Test Match.

The Aftermath of Victory

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

THE initial thrill of winning the Ashes has given place to a feeling of quiet satisfaction. I know it is only a matter of days since Compton clinched the issue for an eight-wicket England victory by sweeping a ball from Morris firmly to the leg boundary for four, but it feels like weeks ago. Summer seems to have died, for Association football encroached on the scene almost before the cheering at the Oval had faded. We are left with mental pictures of Hutton's confident leadership, Bailey's dogged resistance, Edrich's hooking, Hassett's sportsmanship, Lindwall's dynamic action, Johnston's good-nature, Archer's aggressive defiance, and incredible crowd scenes. I could add countless other touches, but for me they merge into a panoramic flash of a bowl of animated colour drenched in sunshine, with Lindwall thundering down on the quiet figure of Peter May, a slip of a lad whose bat moved like polished steel.

It is fitting that the decision was reached on the Oval ground. No one would call Kennington a fashionable district. It is a maze of streets, an industrial dormitory with nothing to commend it to cricket-lovers, for bricks and mortar, plus a gasometer, are hardly objects of beauty. Yet the Oval gas-holder is as symbolic to cricketers as Worcester Cathedral. The ground itself is larded with associations of the game. The first Test Match in England was played there in 1880. The Ashes were inspired by England's defeat in 1882. The highest Test Match total and the highest individual Test score were compiled on its turf; Hobbs and Bradman made their farewell Test appearances there. Not all its chapters are on cricket. As I watched the vast crowd swarming over the pitch after Morris had bowled the last ball, it was difficult to recall what it looked like during the war. The playing area then was fringed with barbed-wire, the outfield had concrete bases for huts, searchlights and guns, weeds were rife, the grass had grown long, whilst scars had been left by several direct hits from explosive and incendiary bombs.

One feature has proved insensitive to change. The Oval atmosphere is as friendly and colloquial as ever. The spectators were a cross-section of every walk of life. Critics may claim that soccer is our national sport. I maintain that cricket is indigenous to the soil. Every boy in England has an idea what a cricket bat looks like. He is literally born into the game. As a child he revels in bowling underhand on the sands to an improvised wicket. The day that he tries to bowl overhand is as important as the hour of promotion from short to long trousers. It is the re-enacting in miniature of that moment in 1807 when John Willis first bowled with his arm raised level with his shoulder. Memories of schoolboy cricket are precious to men of all ages . . . of days when "Round or Flat" decided who should bat first . . . of mornings thick with heat-haze when we played truant from school in order to watch county giants in the flesh. I wonder if Lindsay Hassett or Denis Compton ever know the feelings they inspired in the hearts of the boys who squatted behind that whitewashed line. Many will believe to their dying day that Hutton is the Prince of cricketers. I know I shall always visualise him at the Oval crease with the light shining on his flashing bat. His stroke-play was artistry in perfection. But such words will seem sacrilege to those who murmur names like Bailey, Harvey, Morris, Edrich, or Lindwall.

Be that as it will. In the years to come I shall look back to these past days at the Oval as the golden age of England cricket that I knew . . . of hours when I watched idols who then will be but names. It is nothing new. I had the same feeling as a boy when Hobbs was supreme. I can still remember hurrying home to practise . . . the urge to walk down a cinder-path to a corner of a quiet, walled garden. The mellowing glass of memory is kind. The shadow of a pitch is still there . . . the chalked wicket on the oak. I can picture George Plowden, the old gardener, as last I saw him coming from his cottage door, ready to bowl with unlimited patience and limited skill in the style of Wilfred Rhodes whilst I with modest assumption donned the mantle of the Master. *There* was the essence of cricket in a childish phantasy. To-day the same thing is happening in garden, recreation-ground and back street. Lindwall is bowling to May . . . Johnston is baffling Hutton . . . Edrich is punishing Miller . . . Bailey is mastering Ring. The conception matures as we grow older until personal prowess is succeeded by appreciation from bench or terrace.

Normally I find statistics dull, but some linked with the Oval are not without interest. Hutton did well to say that it was one of his favourite grounds. In ten Tests against all countries he has now scored 1,470 runs, including four centuries and five 50's. In 1882 Spofforth took 14 wickets for 90 and won the match for Australia by 7 runs. In 1902 Gilbert Jessop scored 104 in 75 minutes to give England a one-wicket victory. In 1926 England won by 289 runs and regained the Ashes after fourteen years. In 1938 the England innings and 579 runs victory was the biggest in any Test. Hutton's world Test record 364 was the backbone of a 903 for 7 total. In 1948 England were out for 52 soon after lunch on the first day. Several comparisons have been made between the 1926 and 1953 Tests. The opening bowler then was a youngster, comparatively untried, by name Harold Larwood . . . this time Trueman had a similar rôle. Maurice Tate, a fast medium right-hander, carried the burden of the bowling . . . his successor, Alec Bedser. Hobbs and Woolley were the veterans who shouldered the batting responsibility . . . this time it was Hutton and Compton. Gregory could be likened to Miller. The left-handed Bardsley had his counterpart in Morris. Hassett and Collins had much in common. In many ways the analogy is apt.

I like to think that the memory of the Ashes victory will not soon fade. For me the 1953 cricket season arrived with the spring, came to full glory in the summer and died before the leaves of autumn fell . . . at the Oval on August 19th, when it reached the crest of a wave of greater radiance.

In the Heavy Horse Turn-Out, this magnificent pair *Prince* and *Colonel*, owned by Mr. A. P. Tyce and driven by F. Sawkins, made an attractive picture.

The Aldershot Show

The four-day Aldershot Show, the oldest and only remaining Military Horse Show in England to-day, was held once again in the famous Rushmoor Arena from August 12th to 15th. Not only were there classes for all types of horses and ponies to interest the spectators, but also a picturesque coaching marathon, foxhound and beagle shows, farriery competitions, a war dog display and a splendid musical ride by the Cattistock Branch of the Pony Club. Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, President of the Show, presented some of the rosettes, and many well-known local and Army people were watching from the Members' Enclosure.

Further attractions were the foxhound parades, and here those from the Vine Hunt gallop round the ring.

Mr. R. S. Summerhays, the well-known authority on horses, presents the cup for the best Child's Novice Pony to Miss Kirstie Sellar riding Mrs. A. J. Sellar's chestnut mare *Treeyews Steelaway*.

Mr. R. C. Pritchard, on Mrs. Routh's winning hack *Dominion Status*, takes his award from Major-General Eldridge, G.O.C. Aldershot District.

(*L. to r.*) Captain R. E. Wallace and Mr. J. J. Kirkpatrick, beagle judges, with Major W. S. P. Lithgow.

Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Palmer talking to Captain M. J. Kingscote, who judged the foxhounds with Lord Ashton of Hyde.

(*L. to r.*) Major K. Bibby, steward to the Royal Box, with Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, President of the Show, and Lady Alanbrooke.

Mr. W. E. Hall (left), President of the Farnborough Chamber of Commerce, and Brigadier C. H. M. Brunker.

(*L. to r., foreground*) Brigadier E. S. B. Gaffney, Major K. Bibby and Lieut.-Colonel R. K. Chiesman, the hon. organising secretary of the show.

Colonel Sir Henry Abel-Smith (left) having a word with Sir John Nott-Bower, the new Chief of the Metropolitan Police.

The Aldershot

After a five-and-a-half-mile drive the competitors in the Coaching Marathon made a spectacular entry into the arena.

Lieut.-Colonel H. N. Cole hands over a massive challenge cup to C.-of-H. Hutton, winner of the Troop Horse class on *Bloodshot*.

An intrepid young rider, five-year-old David Evatt on his six-year-old pony *Little Nigger*, receives a silver cup presented by Alderman F. Stay for the best pony in the leading rein class.

Five-year-old Jane Bullen, purposefully sitting astride her tiny Welsh pony, was one of the trumpeters who led the Cattistock Branch of the Pony Club into the ring for their very competent Musical Ride.

During the display of obedience training by war dogs from the Remount Training Centre, Melton Mowbray, an Alsatian leaps through a ring of fire.

Show (continued)

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Hollywood Paratrooper's Problem

The Red Beret
(Empire)

WHEN it was announced, some time last year, that Alan Ladd was to be brought over from Hollywood to star in a British film about the Parachute Regiment, a great howl of indignation went up from certain sections of the National Press.

Leo Genn, who co-stars in the piece, was very angry about that howl, I remember. He pointed out that the men who wore the red beret came from many different countries, and were fighting in the same cause. In a prologue at the preview, and in the substance of the dialogue itself, the film goes out of its way to make the same precautionary statement.

It is correct, of course; and although some of us may be inclined to think that it might have been more *tactful* to use a British type as the hero of a picture about the Red Devils, it doesn't do to let other people's want of manners corrupt our own. Don't let 's be beastly to *The Red Beret* because the hero is an American. Alan Ladd is a pleasant and popular actor—although not, in my opinion, a very pliable one—and if the part he plays had been properly integrated in the story, there might have been no harm done by it. Unfortunately, along with the Hollywood star has come what I can only describe as the Hollywood plot.

Ostensibly, *The Red Beret* deals with the shaping of a typical British paratrooper. It follows a small group of recruits from a Parachute Training School, where they learn the grim technique of jumps and hand-to-hand fighting; through their first mission to occupied France, where an enemy radar installation has to be dismantled; and so to the climax of a raid on a German airfield, in support of the Allied invasion of North Africa.

Now there is nothing wrong with this idea, as an idea; what works out wrong in practice is that the most outstanding figure in the group is not a "typical" paratrooper at all. "Canada" (who is really an American, although he joined up in Montreal) belongs to fiction, not to life. He is that well-known hero of so many Hollywood war-films, the tough lad with a chip on his shoulder; a man with an inner conflict to be resolved; who rebels against discipline, and believes, almost up to the last, that orders are things subject to individual interpretation.

He has got that way because, as an officer in the U.S. Army, he once gave an order that resulted in a man's death. This makes him truculent, moody and unwilling to accept responsibility of any sort. He becomes a problem to his Commanding Officer, and a worry to the loving W.A.A.F. (Susan Stephen) who packs his parachute.

I don't want to give the impression that *The Red Devil* is wholly without merit. There are many good, vigorous and effective things in it. The *spirit* is right. "Sorry," says "Canada," knocking down a raw American airman who has been convulsed with amusement by the sight of his headgear, "but nobody laffs at the Red Beray twice." The actual raids seem to be convincingly reconstructed, at least to a civilian. Leo Genn has real authority as the C.O., and Harry Andrews makes a magnificent character of the Regimental Sergeant-Major, barking out orders and insults in a rich Scots brogue—"So you 're what they 're turning out as soldiers these days? a horrible lot of little men!"—but really as proud of his boys as a mother of her chickens.

Little Boy Lost
(Plaza)

IT must have been quite a shock to that purposeful and intelligent young writer, Marghanita Laski, when she found her novel *Little Boy Lost*, about the human war wreckage in France, bought up by Hollywood as a vehicle for crooner Bing Crosby. Readers of the book must have been startled, too. But by some happy stroke of magic, the arrangement has not only worked out well for Miss Laski, and well for Bing, but superlatively well for the people who watch the picture. This seems to me a lovely piece; charming, convincing, and full of heart. I can't imagine how the screen could possibly have done it better.

The little lost boy, played by France's nine-year-old Christian Fourcade, is, as he ought to be, the heart of the picture. A wan-looking, small object, with a puckered forehead and pathetically grown-up shrugs and gestures, this is clearly a child who responds miraculously to any proper hint of feeling. The director (George Seaton) and the adult actors in the cast have been careful not to force or hurry him. Gabrielle Dorziat, as the Mother Superior, gives a glorious performance, and Bing Crosby, in his whole long career, has probably done nothing more generous and gentle. I should very much like you to see *Little Boy Lost*, because it is one of my favourite pictures; one of the memories you bring home and treasure, after the last image has gone.

Always a Bride
(Odeon, Marble Arch)

THE scene is the Riviera, where the sun shines relentlessly, and the population consists of comic hotel managers, suave detectives and upper-class Englishmen, driven by dread of work to a precarious living as light-hearted confidence tricksters, but doomed to failure by the censor.

With such well-tried ingredients, *Always a Bride* may not exactly ring as merry as a marriage bell, but can hardly fail to strike off an occasional pleasant tinkle. Peggy Cummins and her father, Ronald Squire, "work" the big hotels of the Côte d'Azur. She pretends to be his young bride whom he callously deserts on her wedding night, leaving her to the charity of guests from outside the sterling area.

This provides sufficient capital for Mr. Squire to proceed to the more ambitious enterprise of "selling" the Hotel Negresco to James Hayter. Miss Cummins' heart, however, is never really in this interesting work, and she decides on a life of suburban bliss with Terence Morgan, a Treasury Investigator, while her colleagues are left to the handcuffs of the Monaco police.

The acting honours go to Mr. Hayter as the Cockney millionaire with a home in Watford and a yacht stuffed with currency notes which must be kept away from the tax collector. Nobody has a very difficult or subtle part to play, and the cast is full of familiar faces, which have kept wonderfully fresh in the service of clean, bright entertainment of an old and not very exacting school.

People Who Matter

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING
(Chief of the Imperial General Staff)

EIGHT modest pencils and pens rest tidily in a modest room in the War Office by the side of the first soldier of the British Commonwealth, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. Overlooked by a portrait of the Iron Duke and a gallery of photographs of former Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff, Harding uses two pencils and, in the tradition of the C.I.G.S., only green ink. Two of the four telephones lead to direct and private lines, are coloured green, carry the words of the son of the Somerset solicitor's clerk, carry orders to 400,000 Regular soldiers and 250,000 Territorials who cost £581,000,000 this year.

Having noted the reticent moustache, the visitor listens to the meticulously steady voice, ever unflurried, and notes the deep, light-coloured eyes which register in turn surprise, wonder, patience, self-confidence, resolution and . . . kindliness.

Fortunately for Great Britain the South Petherton home could not afford young Harding's ambition to become a farmer, so he left Ilminster Grammar School and a year later, at sixteen, passed the Civil Service Entrance Examination to secure a post at 15s. in London with the Post Office Savings Bank. Here a friend interested the young man of modest height in the Territorials. He landed in Gallipoli in August 1915, with a commission, chose to stay in the Army. Senior officers wrote of the twenty-two-year-old acting lieutenant-colonel in Palestine: "Has a head on his shoulders far beyond his years"; registered "initiative, self-confidence, power of command, quiet, reassuring manner."

Harding learnt about politics first-hand in the Saar, India, Egypt, Italy, Yugoslavia (superb tact by the Briton prevented a Western war against Marshal Tito in 1945 when he wanted the victorious troops to remain in conquered Trieste), Germany, the Far East. In a dozen key posts Harding astonished and delighted Wavell, Alexander, Montgomery, scared senior officers with disregard of danger, lost three fingers on the left hand while leading tanks in the North African Desert. After nearly a year in hospital and a medical certificate that displeased him, Harding induced a celebrated surgeon to pass him as fit for the field. The members of the Board may have had their doubts but could not ignore the eagerly flaunted certificate. Harding was away again, to fight! He believes in the infantryman. He likes the simple, direct approach to the solution of problems, appreciation and action. He can listen to reason, reads.

What does the man who has reports on all the top-secret views of the military chiefs everywhere say about the prospects of war and peace in the coming year? "The risk is always there."

Does he accept Malenkov's claim about the hydrogen bomb being available to Russia? "We have found their claims borne out in the past."

What did he feel at fifty-six in November last on first entering the room as C.I.G.S.? "A bit over-awed, wondering what I had done to get it, deciding to get on with the job."

The dark grey tweed suit fits well, is properly cut. The thick hair is parted. I have seldom walked out of a room occupied by one of the People who Matter so assured of the expectations of stature being realised so promptly "under the spell" of which the Army has known for ten or more years. G.B.

About to leave on the first stage of her journey from Australia to Europe, Nellie (Patrice Munsel) has to be pulled from the arms of her childhood sweetheart, Charles Armstrong (John McCallum), by Thomas Mitchell (Joseph Tomelty), her father in the film.

Eric Walton (John Justin), a young Englishman Nellie meets in Paris, tries to make her sing to the great Mme. Marchesi (Martita Hunt), as she takes her on her morning walk in the Bois. Mme. Marchesi is so impressed that she comes out of retirement to teach Nellie.

In her dressing-room at Monte Carlo, Nellie prepares for a supper-party with Cesar Carlton (Alec Clunes), one of her ardent admirers.

Nellie singing the part of Lucia in the mad scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, at the Royal Opera House. Her performance is received with wild acclaim.

Charles Armstrong and Nellie have married. Here, with Oscar Hammerstein (Robert Morley), she learns from the hotel porter that he has left for Australia.

Nellie changes behind a screen in her dressing-room at Covent Garden after Eric Walton has invited her out to supper to celebrate her début in London.

In the Red Drawing Room at Windsor Castle, Nellie is presented to Queen Victoria (Sybil Thorndike), who has commanded her to sing before her there.

A Film Melba

To-morrow, August 27th, will see the European première of S. P. Eagle's *Melba*, the Horizon Pictures' Technicolor film of the life of Dame Nellie Melba, the unparalleled operatic singer from Australia. Patrice Munsel stars in the film, and the cast includes Robert Morley, John McCallum, John Justin, Martita Hunt and Alec Clunes. Violetta Elvin, one of the prima ballerinas at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, dances as such, and Dame Sybil Thorndike gives a fairly brief but excellent portrayal of Queen Victoria.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

The Austin Seven

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

THE Austin Seven is a name that is part of British motoring. For many years between the wars the Austin Seven made a name for itself and provided economical and reliable transport for countless people. For many it was the first car owned. The present version is now coming off the line in increasing numbers, and it is, of course, known correctly as the Austin A-30 Seven. It is a smarter-looking car than any of its forbears.

The car is chassis-less, the body being fully-stressed skin, the whole being dipped and rustproofed. It is, of course, small in interior dimension, but the bucket-type front seats cope adequately with most adults and the rear seat performs well enough. The interior trim is good, yet simple. There is a luggage-boot large enough for most purposes, although I would much prefer a handle for opening rather than a key, which makes the operation a two-handed job. This is tiresome when you come to the car laden with parcels or a case!

On the road, I found the performance really quite sparkling, with no trouble in keeping a steady 55 m.p.h. and a maximum somewhere in the region of 65 m.p.h. Cornering is steady and pretty free from roll, and brakes left no concern as to one's ability to stop. Of the controls, the centre gear-change lever is conventional and the change is smooth and sweet. I would quarrel with the accelerator pedal, however. It is not comfortable—to me, at any rate—and caused me some tiredness in the leg and ankle due to being compelled almost to hold the foot in the air! I can't see why the organ-pedal type cannot be fitted, or the pedal taken more to the right.

I do not pretend that this prevented me enjoying my miles in the car. There is a fascination about a really small car, and the economy in petrol adds to it. Over all, I worked out the consumption at about 44 to the gallon, and that included a good many miles in the comfortable position of flat out. This is where the general stability was noticed and where the nicely accurate and light steering served me well. I had plenty of stiff gradients to climb and we did well. I have little doubt that this Austin A-30 Seven will take its due place in the line of its very distinguished predecessors, so many of which are still to be seen on the roads.

This and That

Not long ago I was privileged to ride in a police car on patrol—not, I hasten to add, because of any misdemeanour, but because I wanted to, and the police kindly co-operated. In the course of a good many fast miles and discussion with the excellent driver, who had passed out at the high-speed course at a police school, two points came out. The two points are these: first, when waiting to overtake, keep a long way back; second, when you can overtake, get a move on and pass as quickly as possible, no matter how much clear road there seems to be ahead. This second point involves a change-down, and often the waiting period behind the slower vehicle is done in a lower gear in order to be ready for the speedy overtaking. I was surprised how much easier it was to get along on a busy trunk road which is only wide enough to take one line each way. I felt safer and less concerned. It's a lesson we might all benefit by, and it makes me envious of the police driving schools—or rather, the students who benefit by them.

* * *

"See you at the Show" is a phrase now being heard, and no one questions which show. For the Motor Show is but eight weeks off and it promises to be an exciting one. There will be several new cars, at least two of them really small ones of universal interest. But the really exciting feature will be the keenness of the salesmen to sell and of the makers to deliver. At last the customers will be courted.

* * *

I commend a new guide to London issued by the R.A.C. For anyone visiting from the provinces it will prove most useful, with its hotels, its parking-places and maps and other data. Could they now provide one for the larger provincial cities? Many of these are more difficult for visitors than the Metropolis itself, hotels being less known and parking being almost as difficult. To say nothing of Birmingham's one-way traffic!

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

A Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

IF you are ever alone in your house or flat when the front-door bell rings late at night you may, if you are at all imaginative, have thoughts of burglars and coshes racing through your mind as you go to open the door. You can now, for a very reasonable outlay, purchase your peace of mind and protect yourself not only from an intruder but from any unwanted visitor. A device called the "Look-See" is on the market which can easily be fitted through the front door at convenient eye-level. It has a wide-angle lens which provides a perfect view of your porch in every direction so that callers can be seen clearly, secretly and safely, even if they are standing close to the door. For your peace of mind I should add that the "Look-See" happily does not work in reverse!

* * *

A new magnifying mirror, which has a tiny 15-watt lamp fitted in it, will either hang or stand. Mine has been seized upon by my husband and carried off for a shaving mirror, but it could have been very useful to me on my dressing table. But I must honestly admit that I was so horribly depressed when I saw my face spotlighted and magnified that I only made a rather feeble protest at it being taken away to fulfil a really useful function. Our mirror is mains-operated, but if you prefer you can buy a battery model—particularly useful for travelling.

* * *

One of the joys of summer holidays is finding the soap lathering copiously in water which is really soft and so unlike that which I'm hardened to in London. Now a go-ahead firm has taken pity on City-dwellers and produced a domestic softener, specially designed for household tasks, hair-washing at home, and so on, which is within the reach of small incomes. This Master Softener is a small unit—it weighs less than 1 lb.—and fits directly on to the tap or on to a shampoo spray. It contains a cartridge which softens some 15 gallons of water before it needs regenerating. To regenerate the cartridge you place it in a container of salt solution, one teaspoonful of salt to half a cup of water. Soak it for thirty minutes and replace it in the softener. I use the two cartridges supplied concurrently, so that I have one or the other in operation all the time. The Master Softener is constructed in non-rusting, unbreakable light alloy and is the ideal unit where limited quantities of soft water are required.

* * *

For sea-fishing enthusiasts, particularly those who fish for pollack and bass, I can recommend the Porosand Eel, which has a most lively and natural movement in the water and which, in my experience, is having considerable success in the West Country at least. Made of plastic material, it is simply placed on the hook and either used in trolling from a boat or spinning from the beach. Some people prefer it to the natural bait, while others keep a packet or two in their haversacks as a stand-by if natural bait is unobtainable.

* * *

Various members of the plastic family have gradually taken over seemingly indispensable uses in post-war kitchens. Some newcomers which I've found invaluable are H.P. Wonder Caps, which are made of polythene, and can be used for preserving and bottling as well as for storage. No rubber rings are required as a perfect vacuum is effected when the rim inside the cap closes over the jam-jar lip and is finally compressed when you press the palm of your hand on the centre of the cap. The vacuum is easily broken by pressure on the protruding "tab" when the contents are needed. The caps can be used time and again, are absolutely safe in contact with food, and are easily cleaned in soapy water. They are made in two sizes to fit 116 and 216 jars.

* * *

The price of my tail-piece is absolutely disproportionate to its usefulness. It is a long, thin, sharp-pronged fork with nearly 101 uses in the kitchen. The prongs are ideal for turning food over when cooking, for pricking sausages, testing potatoes, spearing pickles, arranging salads, and many other things. The fork is nickel-plated and slender enough to get through a narrow bottle-neck.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

LOOK-SEE Safety First Door Viewer: 17s. 6d., in black, brown or white; Harrods, Selfridges. Pifco Mains Electric Magnifying Mirolite: 22s. 6d. Battery Portable Mirolite: 19s. 11d.; Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, and Selfridges. Steralic Master Softener: £1 17s. 9d., including two softener cartridges; Fortnum and Mason, Barkers, Gamages. Porosand Eels: 2s. a packet; Ogden Smiths, Blands, and fishing tackle dealers. H.P. Wonder Caps: 116 size, 2s. 6d. for set of 3; 216 size, 3s. 6d. for set of 3; Staines Kitchen Equipment, Victoria Street. Tala Cooksfork: 9d. at ironmongers and leading stores.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Back to the 'Twenties?

The grossly-exaggerated reports by so many newspapers of Dior's latest collection as a "Back-to-the-'Twenties" line has an echo of truth here in this cloche hat in yellow melusine, from Harvane, Carlos Place. It is worn with Sylvia Mills' soft, woven angora dress in grey, yellow and brown plaid. This slim dress, with a spiral band emphasising the waist-line, has a belt threaded with leather. Price about 15½ guineas, from Fenwick's Model Room, Bond Street; and Chanelle, Bournemouth.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

The Tweed Dress is News

Separates, particularly the sweater-and-skirt combination, have played the most important part for casual wear in our daily lives. They now have a strong competitor, the tweed dress, which makes a dramatic return to the fashion scene, and for a long, smooth line it cannot be surpassed. Stressed in their Autumn collections by the London Couturiers, we show on these pages some that are ready-to-wear.

Grey and green tartan for this tailored dress with a long-revered neckline, long sleeves, fitted skirt and jutting pockets. By Marcusa, price 9 guineas, from Gorringes, London ; and Modiste, Cambridge. The grey turn-back hat is a Diana " Year-Rounder " by Connor.

Jersey tweed for this smooth-fitting dress, with back pleats. There is a rib-knitted yoke in black let into the dress, with a high-fitting neck. A Roter model, price 15 guineas, from Debenham and Freebody.

A warm and rugged, fitting dress in nubbly plaid. The neck is high, with a long fringed scarf, belted into the dress. The skirt is slim and straight. By Jolo, from Renée Meneely, Belfast ; McEwen's, Perth ; and Kendal Milne, Manchester. The black beret is by Kangol.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

A jersey dress by Wolsey for the teen-and-twenties, in primrose yellow (and other shades), with double-breasted fastening, cut-away neckline, three-quarter sleeves and slit pockets in the skirt. From Harrods' Junior-Miss Department; Matthias Robinson of Leeds; and Bobby's, Eastbourne. Price £6 10s. 6d. The dark green pull-on hat is a Connor Diana Year-rounder. The green lizard handbag comes from Russell and Bromley, Bond Street.

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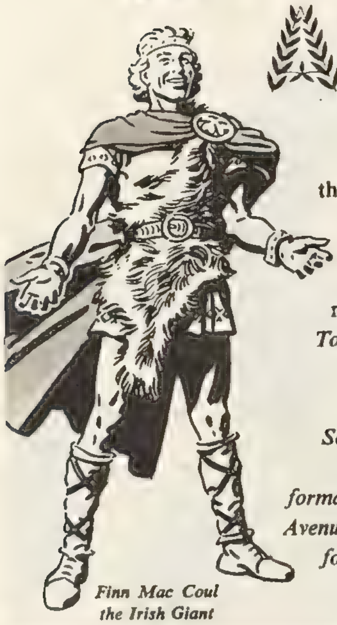

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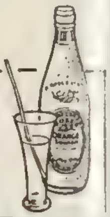

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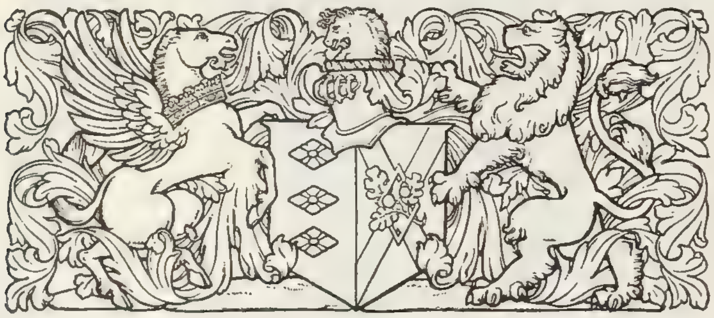

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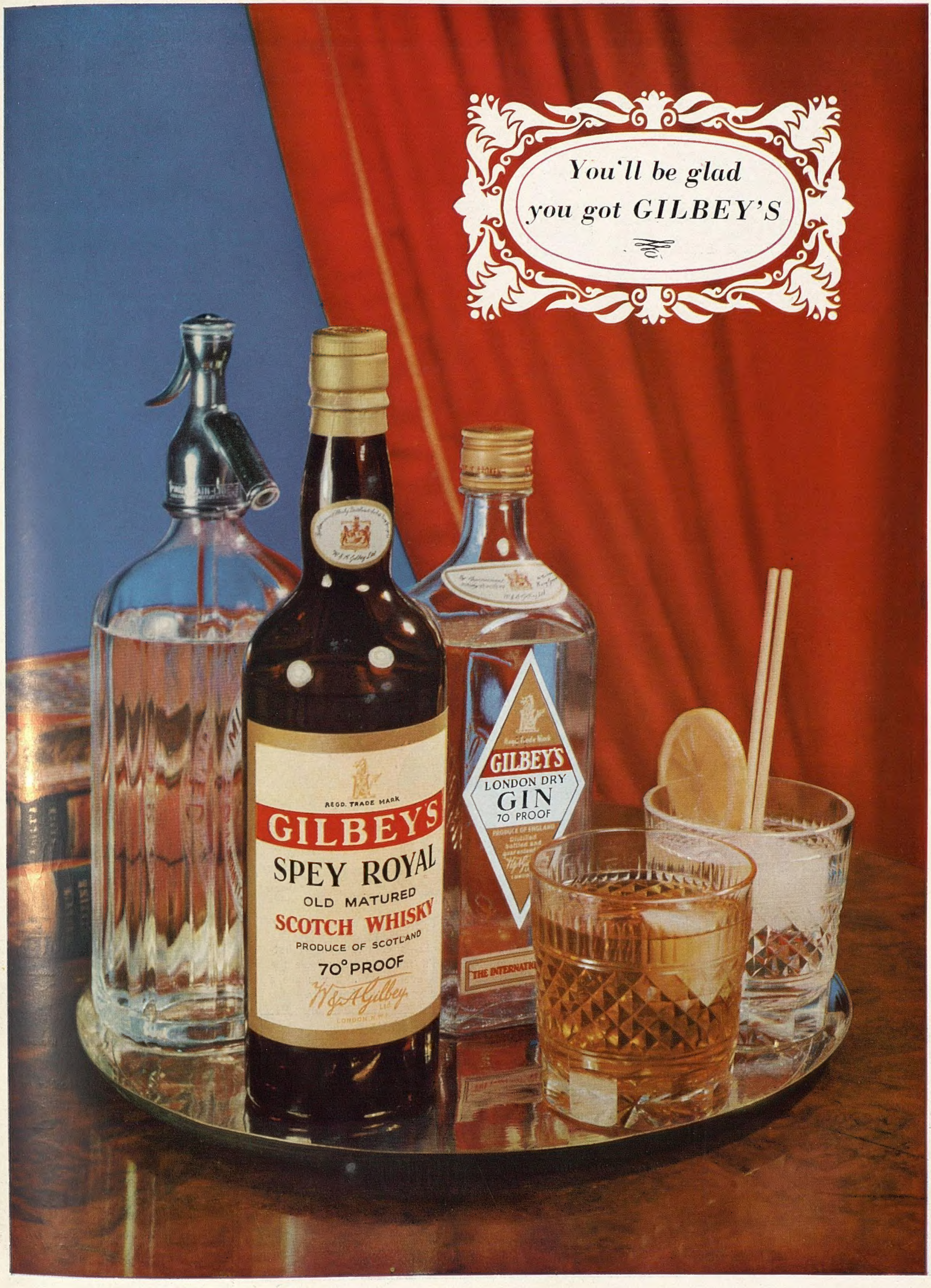
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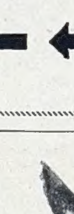

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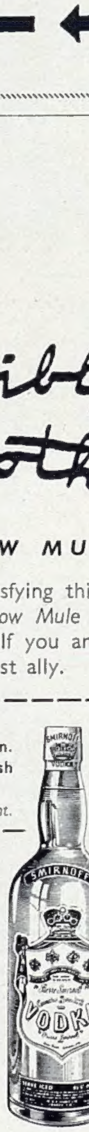

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